National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVIII. NO. 25. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1857. WHOLE NO. 909.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

105 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

NORRIS & JOHNSTON, PRINTERS.

Pro-Slavery.

CALEB CUSHING ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

[That moral and political harlequin, Caleb Cushing, late Attorney-General of the United States, delivered a political speech in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Oct. 26th, from which we present extracts.]

FELLOW-CITIZENS: We all know there is a body of persons in this Commonwealth who devote themselves to the idea of raising the black men in the United States to an equality of political rights with the white men. They are *professional* philanthropists, if the phrase be admissible; that is, men who pursue a philanthropic idea as their occupation, but wholly outside of political life; labouring to promote their idea by speech and writing, or by itinerant agitation, that is indirectly, by the influence on the minds of those who legislate, or who execute laws, not by direct participation of their own in legislation or administration. Of course, not coöperating with others in the practical business of Government, they are very much one-sided, dogmatic, violent in their language, and not sparing of personal crimination and denunciation of all the rest of the world, and especially of any others in society who, differing from them either much or little, happen to be conspicuous in public affairs, or directly responsible for the legislation of the State, or the United States. In a word, they are impracticable zealots of a single idea.

That among them are men of eminently intellectual character, it would be absurd to deny; such an one as Mr. Theodore Parker. That among them are eloquent persons also, it must be admitted, like Mr. Wendell Phillips—although he injures his cause and belittles himself by the petulant personal vituperation which too frequently disfigures his discourse. They have strongly purposed men also, such as Mr. Garrison, of the structure of mind that grasps an idea and labours on, through good and through evil report, to make that idea a fact.

These gentlemen have persuaded themselves that the emancipation of the slave labourers of the United States is an object paramount to all other human considerations. They know they have no legal capacity to act directly in the question. They perceive that the Bible, is contrary to, or at least does not distinctly teach, their doctrines, and therefore they make no account of that. They are aware that the Constitution of the United States stands in their path, and therefore they would dissolve the Union. I believe Mr. Phillips is, or recently was, *conventioning*, so to speak, on that project. In a word, they are enthusiasts of opinion, who would be efficacious agents of revolution, if living in a country where revolution is possible, and if their theories were susceptible of practical application to any machinery of government whatever.

I desire not to be understood as speaking of these gentlemen with personal disrespect. On the contrary, they seem to deserve the tribute of sincerity at least; for, without they be sincere, how could it be that they would outlaw themselves, as it were, by their impartial hostility to all the political parties of the country, and by their avowed, nay, ostentatious warfare on the Constitution and the Union?

These gentlemen assume as theory, and seek to establish as law, the equality of Africans and Americans. It avails nothing to say to them that no laws can make them equal in fact. Still they pursue their idea.

Of course, they aim to bring about the emancipation of the coloured labourers of the South. And here it avails nothing to point to St. Domingo, and to Spanish America, and to the British West Indies, and to show that emancipation has proved a curse to the black and the white race alike, and that anarchy, barbarism and misery have followed it everywhere, even in the most favoured regions of the New World. Still they pursue their idea of emancipation in the United States.

To accomplish this, or at least to free themselves from association with slave labour, and as the only political means of attaining this object, they propose the dissolution of the Union, and the organization of a Northern Republic. We may tell them that such a Republic is impossible; that the attempt to organize it would be the signal of civil war, not between the North and South, but in the very heart of the North, with such of us as will contend in arms, on the spot, against any attempt to organize their separate Republic; that if such a Republic existed, it could not advance their purpose without they invaded the South with hostile armies; that the Middle States stand in the way of that; and, after all that, to kindle the flames of civil and servile war in the United States appears to be rather questionable philanthropy. Still, we cannot move them from their purpose.

I think it is at the end of this series of considerations that we are to find the fact of the peculiar tone and style of resentfulness, anger and measureless denunciation of the Southern States, and bitterness towards men at the North, which marks the speech and writing of the Abolitionists. They attack fiercely when they are attacked. Their idea is one of revolutionary change in the condition of the country, and it is condemned by others as warmly as it is urged by themselves. They disturb and prejudice important interests. Their political ardour has at length become aggravated by something of theological ardour, which is of proverbial intensity. And thus a state of feeling has been produced in the community, which, commencing with mere condemnation of negro-servitude, and desire of its abolition, has degenerated in some quarters into emotions of morbid jealousy and even hatred of the people of the Southern States.

And this is the state of feeling and emotion in the North, and especially in Massachusetts, which aspiring public men seize upon, and seek to combine and consolidate as an instrument of political power by the newly-applied name of Republicanism.

I say aspiring men, not in the sense of reproach, but as a fact. Such men as Governor Chase of Ohio, Senator Seward of New York, Senator Fessenden of Maine, Senator Hale of New Hampshire, Senator Trumbull of Illinois, have the right of political aspiration, which belongs to their virtues and their talents. So have Senators Sumner and Wilson of Massachusetts, although, as between the two, Mr. Sumner is more of a theorist, like the Abolitionists proper, and Mr. Wilson has more of the qualities and capabilities of a practical legislator. And so also has Mr. Banks the right of aspiration, which the possession of talents and acquirements gives to him, as to any and every citizen of the republic.

Now, it is obvious to see that Mr. Banks, unlike the Abolitionists, looks to the seats of power as the means of acting on the events of the time, acquiring fame, and obtaining his niche in history. Unlike the Abolitionists, he is a practical man, not a visionary theorist; he sees, clearly, the impracticable nature of their ideas; he does not mean to be outlawed, in the estimation of his countrymen, by running a Quixotic tilt against the Constitution of the United States; on the contrary, he certainly prefers to have the Federal Government subsist in its integrity, with himself to participate in its administration.

Hence, it is the well-considered policy of Mr. Banks, and of those with whom he is at present associated in political action—perhaps, I might say, it is the necessity of their position—while holding aloof from visible co-operation with the Abolitionists—while in fact rejecting and condemning their aims and plans—yet to *exploit*, as the phrase is in France, the sentiments sown by the Abolitionists in the community, and so to mount up to power.

Thus it has happened that the Republicans, and before them the Free-Soilers, have made their issues not on the slavery question itself, but on some occasional and transitory incident of the slavery question, for which reason they have been, and will continue to be, beaten successively on each of their issues, so as to produce the appearance, if not the fact, of a real reaction in favour of slavery, and against liberty, analogous to that which has occurred simultaneously in Europe.

I need only point, in proof of this, to the annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, the compromise acts of 1850, and the provisions of the act organizing the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas—neither of them deciding any substantive thing on the subject of slavery, but each made to appear to do so, on account of the improvident issues raised upon them by a portion of the statesmen of the North.

Owing to these causes, although none of the statesmen referred to lend direct countenance to the wild schemes of mere Abolitionism, still it may be doubted whether their line of action is not the cause of even greater perturbation of the public peace. The power of Abolitionism is paralyzed for evil as well as for good, by its recognised antagonism to the Constitution. But when statesmen unpatriotically play with the passions of Abolitionism and thus impart to it force in the public mind, and come at length insensibly to be imbued with its sentiments, as well as to speak its language, then the current of legislation and of public affairs is disturbed by them, and positive injury is done to the best interests of the Union.

We have had exemplification of this in the controversy, which is just dying out, as to the organization of the Territory of Kansas.

* * * * * * *

Now, Senator Wilson says that he promised, when in Kansas, to raise for them *three or four thousand dollars*, on his return to Massachusetts. But he says he has not been able to do this. Nay, he has canvassed Connecticut and New York to the same end; and all New England, with New York besides, would not contribute three or four thousand dollars for bleeding Kansas. Senator Wilson was not, like our friend, Mr. Hillard, in search of a party; that he had already, although it was in rather a shaky condition, as the recent popular demonstrations in Pennsylvania, Ohio and elsewhere show; but he was in search of a man with a heart, to quote the expressive language of Mr. Burlingame. That man could not be found. So it apperrs I am not alone in hard-heartedness. All New England and New York, too, exhibit the same sort of hardness of heart towards bleeding Kansas.

Nay, we have now the speech of Gerrit Smith—a soft-hearted man in these matters, if there ever was one—nay, a truly generous-minded, as well as very wrong-headed, gentleman. Mr. Smith tells us that he has been *bled* for Kansas to *his* heart's content; that he has paid thousands of dollars on that score, without knowing what has become of it, or perceiving that it has done any good: and that he is resolved to cease to bleed for bleeding Kansas.

On the whole, therefore, I feel consoled, and shall adhere to my original belief, that the troubles in Kansas are not half so grave as the troubles in British India. Nay, I shall come to the conclusion, under the personal experience of Mr. Gerrit Smith, and the failure of Senator Wilson to raise four thousand dollars for Kansas in New York, and all New England, that there may be good people in Massachusetts, needing my charity much more than the Borrio-boola-ga of Kansas.

My fellow-citizens, that "Morgan" is used up—it will not even keep good "until after election."

The same fate has overtaken the dreadful case of Dred Scott. * * * * You thus perceive that there has been a complete break down of these elaborately constructed platforms of discord, upon which, for the last two or three years, the Republicans have agitated the United States.

* * * * * * *

Yes, men of Massachusetts, I say that line of narrow sectionalism of thought, and the set of narrow ideas which appertain to it, have had their day. It has come to pall on the sense, and revolt all good sentiment. Massachusetts feels instinctively that her mind is capable of better uses than to be perpetually secreting poison from the blessings of nature and society; picking flaws in the institutions of the country, and regarding the United States in the little, through inverted telescopes. We are not all of us here in Massachusetts artribilarious, hypochondriac, with sour humours in the blood, causing us to see black objects dancing before the mind's vision by day and by night. We do not believe, as, from the loud assumptions of a particular school, and their busy activity at conventions and in public assemblies, it might be inferred we do, that all religion, all integrity, all honour, consists in being a cordial hater of the rest of the United States.

No, gentlemen of the Republican party, I defy you to establish permanently, in this Commonwealth, that impossible policy of rancorous and vindictive hatred of all the white men of the South, and of all the white men of the North who refuse to join you in the hatred of the South. You may obtain power in the State of Massachusetts from time to time, but never by your own strength. You are not a majority of the citizens of the State; you are not even a plurality. It is only by a series of unstable coalitions with other parties, each succeeding one more deceptive and transitory than the last, that you ever rise even to the appearance of power. And such power as you may attain here will prove but apples of Sodom in your mouth; for the hypothesis on which you proceed will never allow you to reach that which all the higher aspirations of your public life look to—power in the United States. You may be the idol of a sectional or local party, but with a weight on its shoulders, like the rock of Sisyphus, to keep you toiling in vain to reach the bright summits of

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

You may be great in a single State, but with a greatness which looms out luridly from the mists and gloom of sectional discord and strife, and with names never destined to swell the pealing anthem of the glories of the United States.

God grant that in these things a better spirit may hereafter prevail among all the citizens of this State; that instead of giving themselves up to sectional agitation, and to the propagation of ideas which are sterile of any possible fruit save civil war, they would cultivate concord and harmony. May so many clergymen, now the ministers of discord and anger, go back to the pure ministry of the Gospel.

And Mr. Banks himself, so capable of better things, let us entreat, in the earnest language of Francesca to Alp Arslan, to pause, ere he devote himself to an "immortality of ill," as the irreclaimable enemy of the unity and peace of the United States. Oh that he had but chosen the nobler part! How much better and purer the honours he might then win. Of those men of Massachusetts who, in our time, have been called by Providence to places of higher power in the Federal Government, Adams, Webster and Marcy have gone to occupy each his bright page in the golden book of the names of the great men of the country whose memory death hallows; three only, Everett, Bancroft and another, have held embassies or served in the Cabinet; three only, Choate, Everett and Winthrop, have represented their State in the Senate; and of this small number of surviving men of Massachusetts, of similar political position, all but one have stepped over that line which divides the past from the future, and are now far removed from the fresh years of life. How few the obstacles to the advancement of a younger aspirant in the same path! How unwise in the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States to seek to hurry advancement by the endeavour, vain, let us hope, to rekindle, in Massachusetts, the expiring embers of ill-will toward our fellow-citizens of the Southern States!

* * * * * * *

To conclude, then: Merchants of Massachusetts, with your superb galleons from the ship-yards of East Boston and Newburyport, moving over the sea in the pride of their beauty and their strength, freighted with the rich agricultural productions of Carolina and Louisiana, you have been told here that your interests are in conflict with those of the South! Manufacturers of Massachusetts! you, with your palatial manufactories to weave into apparel, for the world's wear, the agricultural productions of Georgia and Alabama, have been told here that you must surrender yourselves to the evil spirit of jealousy of the South. Citizens of Massachusetts! and especially you of the industrial classes, who wear the cotton, eat the corn and sugar and drink the coffee of slave labour, and who provide objects of art for the use of slave labour, and of those who own it—you also have been told that slave labour is the irreconcilable antagonist of free labour, and that, therefore, leaving all other things, you must betake yourself to hating the South, with a sworn hatred, like that of Annibal for Rome. Men of Massachusetts! you are exhorted to cultivate amicable relations with Cuba—slave colony though it be—to supply it with lumber, food and other objects of value, and to buy and consume its produets, and thus to sustain and perpetuate slave labour there, and love slave-owners, while you are called upon to sacrifice the peace and honour of the State, and dedicate yourself, from reprobation of slave labour, to unceasing hostility against your own countrymen of the Southern States.

When I hear such counsels darkly intimated, under specious disguises of speech, to the State of Massachusetts, it seems to me that the First Tempter, as depicted by Milton, is before my eyes:

> Close at the ear of Eve,
> Essaying by his devilish art to reach
> The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
> Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams;
> Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
> The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise,
> Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
> At least distempered discontented thoughts,
> Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
> Blown up with high conceits, engendering pride.

My friends, to dispel such mischievous inspirations, it needs but the lightest touch of Ithuriel's spear of truth.

I say down, down to the infernal pit, where they belong, with all these derelict inspirations of malice, hatred and uncharitableness! You, the people of Massachusetts, do not, in the inner chamber of your heart, approve, and will not, on consideration, adopt, this abominable theory of sectional spite and hate. You will, in the end, if not to-day, repel that policy with scorn and horror. Before that time of sober judgment comes, I, who stand up for the Union in its letter and spirit—who will die in the breach rather than "let it slide"—I may be struck down by the tempest of party passion, but others, better and more fortunate, will rise up to fill the gap in the ranks of the sacred phalanx of the soldiers of the Constitution. Man is feeble, mortal, transient; but our country is powerful, immortal, eternal. In the long ages of glory which lie before us, rolling onward one after another like the ceaseless rote of the surging waters on the sea-shore, wave upon wave rushing on to fill the place of that which sinks into the main, generations of men will come and go with their joys and sorrows, their aspirations and disappointments, their conflicts and their reconciliations. Then it will be seen that he who was the highest had been but an atom of the great whole, and he who was humblest had been as much. We are alike in the hands of the Almighty, and but the instruments of His will in the doing of the great work commenced by our fathers at Jamestown and Plymouth—continued by them at Saratoga and Yorktown—carried on by us at Monterey and Mexico—the great work of reducing to cultivation and civilization the savannahs and forests of our country. Massachusetts, once the banner State of the Union, will not be found backward, at the hour of need, in performing her appointed part of that great work of the Lord God in the New World.

Selections.

REV. GEORGE ARMSTRONG, OF BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

THE recent death of this gentleman has been announced in the English and American papers. Though his health has been known to be failing, for a year and more past, no apprehensions were felt by his friends on this side of the water that the termination of his earthly course was immediately at hand, and the tidings of his decease consequently come with all the force of an entirely unexpected event. His loss, not only in a private but a public view, is a great one. The cause of Human Freedom and Justice, and every generous, liberal and humane movement, loses in him a disinterested, earnest and very able friend.

Some tribute, however poor and imperfect, to the memory of this excellent man, it is both our duty and our wish to offer. Friendship calls for it; and the conviction, deeply impressed, that the world-wide cause of Individual and National Liberty has had very few friends more zealous and faithful than he makes it an imperative duty to record our sense of his worth, our grateful reverence for his character, and our blessings on his memory.

Mr. Armstrong was a native of Ireland, if we mistake not, and at the time of his death must have been near to seventy years of age. He was educated in the communion of the Church of England, and, after the usual preparatory study, became a clergyman of that Church, and for a time was Rector of the church at Bangor, near Belfast, Ireland. His further inquiries and studies led him first to doubt, and then to reject as unscriptural, unreasonable and untenable, many of the doctrines of that Church. His mind was brought more and more to cast off all trammels of creeds and ecclesiastical forms and organizations, and to free itself from every authority which would usurp over it a power belonging to God and to his truth alone. He frankly made known his position, resigned his post, and gave up all connection with the English Church. His rejection of the doctrine of the Trinity naturally led him towards the Unitarian body; with which he subsequently connected himself, believing that he should find there not only the spiritual freedom which he sought as his right, and as a necessary condition of true manhood and real usefulness, but that he would also find there full scope and ample verge for carrying into actual living reality the essential spirit and principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It hardly needs to be said that his fervent spirit, his enthusiastic admiration of whatever is most noble and disinterested in human action, met with many a disappointment, and many a discouragement. It may be that his earnest nature expected too much of human weakness. But he has left this noble and glorious example—that his own faith was never dimmed by disappointment, nor by the coldness and selfishness of others—that he kept to the last his own high standard of human duty, believing, as God lives, though his eyes might not see it, that the perfect triumph of Right over Wrong would come, and the spirit of Humanity be completely vindicated from all tyrannous and oppressive claims.

Among many published works of Mr. Armstrong, one should especially be named, entitled "*Infallibility not Possible; Involuntary Error not Culpable.*" This is a thin octavo of less than two hundred pages, a second edition of which was published in London and Bristol in 1851. It was a work of great power, thoroughness, and boldness; in which the absolute and perfect Right of Private Judgment is maintained, against both Catholic and Protestant controvertists, in a most masterly manner.

It was on a beautiful Saturday evening, in July, 1843, that the writer of this came to the city of Bristol, England, a stranger to every person in it, a wanderer in search of health from his American home. On the following morning, he sought out the place which the venerable name of LANT CARPENTER had long made interesting, nay, sacred to him, the Lewin's Mead Chapel. Entering the plain, but spacious building, and mingling with the large congregation, he was conducted to a seat. Very soon the pulpit was occupied by a gentleman, seemingly somewhat past the prime of life, yet in the full possession of every faculty, and of very prepossessing appearance. His whole manner, his full and rich voice, the elevated character of the devotional service, and the powerful discourse, in which the preacher eloquently and convincingly showed how much a true understanding of God depends upon a sincere love of Him, all tended to inspire the purpose to seek for his acquaintance. A self-introduction took place after the close of the service, which met with a truly kind and friendly response from Mr. Armstrong—for he it was; and thus the way was opened for an acquaintance which afterwards became a warm friendship, and led to a correspondence which was maintained to the close of his life.

At the risk of seeming egotistical, and yet with a view to show how deeply the *anti-slavery cause* had taken hold of his mind at that time, the following little incident may be given. At the first interview with Mr. Armstrong (after the brief one on Sunday), which took place on Monday at his own house—nothing as yet having passed between us on the subject of slavery in America—one of the first inquiries which he made was to this effect: "Why is it that, of all others, the Unitarian ministers in your country seem so loath to touch the subject of *slavery*, and, indeed, take such pains to avoid it?" My reply was, in general terms, that I had found it very difficult to find a satisfactory answer myself to the question. Without much noticing my reply, he went on to say, "I was reading, not a great while since, in one of your monthly religious magazines, a report of your Autumnal Unitarian Conferences; and it was stated that one of the ministers present called attention to the subject of slavery, and desired the Conference to take some action about it; but it seemed there was hardly a person to second the movement, and so many to object to it that nothing was done." "To what meeting do you refer?" I said, springing to my feet, and warming towards him on account of the earnest interest in the subject which every word, look and tone of his bespoke: "Was it one held last Autumn at Worcester, Massachusetts?" "I do not remember the place," he replied, "but I have the magazine, and can readily ascertain." Producing the pamphlet, he found that it *was* the Worcester Convention to which had referred. And he also found that the minister who had introduced the subject of slavery was the identical person then conversing with him in his own study! This was, of course, a very pleasant surprise and coincidence, and made all the more pleasant by being so completely unlooked for. This was the best introduction, of each to the other, which could possibly have taken place.

Mr. Armstrong's mind was at once vigorous and brilliant. He was active and zealous in inquiry, keen of apprehension, and having that warmth of heart withal so characteristic of his native country, and which has so great a charm in a truly intelligent, refined and conscientious person. To such a man, no question of Justice and Right, no vital interest of Humanity, could ever be other than one of deepest interest. It was sure to find in him attention, and a thorough and willing investigation. Many slow and cautious people were wont to think that his zeal outran his judgment, and led him too far. But it was only *too far* for them to follow; it was not too far for a true, just and safe solution of the difficulties in question. Nor (it is believed) will the soundest judgment, however cool, fail to admire and approve the conclusions to which Mr. Armstrong usually came; while the warmth and fervour of his character were of inestimable value in arousing timid and distrustful natures, in awakening hope in those who were almost despairing, and in making the arduous way seem possible and practicable. God be thanked, who scatters such living and earnest natures in our path! They kindle many a feeble spark into a bright flame, and spread widely abroad that large, unselfish and generous spirit, which alone has nerve to grapple with the giant crimes of society, and which alone is able to endure unto the end.

It is needless to say that the anti-slavery cause in this country, in its largest, broadest sense, was very near to the heart and mind of such a man as GEORGE ARMSTRONG. From his first knowledge of it, to his latest day, it commanded his entire regard, and received the devotion of his best powers. His numerous letters to American correspondents afford the amplest proof of this. Every fresh aspect of the question—every move of the Slave Power, however cunning and specious—every gleam of light on Freedom's side—were immediately caught by his watchful eye, and he gave forth the words of cheer or warning, as each were needed. The anti-slavery journals of this country have often been enriched by extracts from his letters; and American visitors to Great Britain—and especially clerical visitors—coming within his knowledge, never escaped the power of his keen and searching inquiry.

Nothing grieved and astonished him, and excited his indignation, so much as any manifest treachery to the cause of Human Freedom on the part of eminent and influential persons. He would allow no such case to go unrebuked. If no other person was found to discharge this duty, he would himself speak the word. In such cases, a manly and eloquent letter from George Armstrong of Bristol would be quite sure to appear in some influential London journal, or wherever else he thought he should reach the most needed and appropriate audience—and the force of his logic and his appeals it was impossible not to feel.

This was strikingly illustrated in the case of Kossuth. He was one of Kossuth's most ardent admirers, and sought his friendship and tendered his own, when the Hungarian exile first sought the soil of England. His own true heart led him to place the most entire confidence in Kossuth's high principle and integrity. Nevertheless, when he learned Kossuth's intention to visit the United States, the multitude of wrecked anti-slavery characters of Europeans who had preceded him thither came full before him, and he was moved to address to Kossuth a letter, of the most respectful friendship, wherein he sought to put him on his guard against the insidious influences which would inevitably be brought to bear upon him in this country, with all their strength, in order to seduce him from his allegiance to that Spirit of Liberty which he had hitherto so bravely, and apparently so sincerely, served. Well would it have been for that now fallen man had he taken heed to the counsels of his Bristol friend, and nerved his own spirit with the strength which that friend's wisdom would have imparted. The keenest grief came over that friend, when he could no longer shut his eyes to the evidences of Kossuth's wretched truckling to the slaveholding despots of the Southern United States, and to their more guilty defenders and apologists of the North.

And now, for the second time within a short period, has the cause of American Anti-Slavery to lament the removal of a strong pillar and support, in one and the same distant city—Bristol.

No two men, in constitution and temperament, could be less alike than JOHN BISHOP ESTLIN and GEORGE ARMSTRONG. While the latter had all the ardour and warmth of the Irish character, the former was as strikingly marked by the cautious, cool deliberation of the Englishman. Yet, Christians both, men of rare gifts, of cultivated intellect, with true hearts in their bosoms, the cause of American Anti-Slavery commended itself alike and equally to both. With mutual regard and friendship, they laboured for it together, and each to the other rendered, with cheerful willingness, his tribute of respect and affection. Seldom has any human cause lost two such friends from one spot of earth; for it is seldom that two men so highly and largely gifted are thus peculiarly united. But they are not lost to us, nor to our cause. Their memory will ever be a lesson, a motive, and an incentive, to all who truly labour for the downfall of wrong.

This brief notice may be concluded with the following passage from a recent letter of a gentleman in Bristol to a friend in this country:

"Perhaps, before this reaches you, you will, by some other means, have learned that our good and much-respected friend Mr. Armstrong is freed from his sufferings. He died on Thursday morning, August 6th, about five o'clock, calmly, peacefully, leaning his head on his wife's shoulders, its earthly pillow for the last time. Where are now all the genius, and the talent, and the eloquence, and the scorn against meanness and wrong, which have electrified so many minds, and touched so many hearts? There can be no annihilation of such gifts, for which a worthier sphere must have opened!"—S. M., JR., *in The Liberator.*

MAN AND HIS MODERN INVENTIONS.

[Such is the title of "A Discourse for the Day," lately preached at Albany, by the Rev. A. D. MAYO, Pastor of the Free Church. It evinces a clear perception of the causes of our national degeneracy and of the means by which alone they can be counteracted. Desiring to make our readers better acquainted with one of the bravest of the small band of American preachers who are consecrated to apply the principles of Christianity to the living issues of the day, we publish a part of the Discourse, regretting that our limits will not allow us to print the whole.]

TEXT: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be adde! unto you."—Matt. vi, 33.

THIS passage contains one of those laws of human nature which bind the soul with an eternal obligation. Translated into our form of thought it means: Cultivate the highest style of manhood, and the forces of nature shall become your servants, and life shall be full of great opportunities. The "kingdom of God" is not a place away off in space, but is a state of character as possible to-day in Albany as in any future world, at any point in eternity. And whether in this town or that world to come, he who makes the acquisition of a religious character founded on love to God and humanity his supreme object will be able to use the opportunities offered by the state of existence in which he abides. Standing thus at the head of creation, man shall become its real sovereign by force of his moral energy, and "all things" needful to his eternal growth "shall be added unto him."

The peculiar state of American civilization to-day preaches a sermon from this text, which I shall only endeavour to report. Let me, with as little mixture of my own theories and fancies as may be, endeavour to interpret to you that civilization in its relations to man; show to what extent it is the creature of that spirit of Invention which is the great obligation and privilege of our day; what we must be to live amid its opportunities with dignity and success; and what retributions will overwhelm us unless we become great and good enough to control it.

* * * * * * *

Now, there is astonishing confusion of thought among our people in regard to what may reasonably be expected from this gigantic array of American inventions. Millions of our population are to-day behaving as if our new circumstances were to create a millenium; and, of course, the land is full of demagogues, lay and clerical, who find it to their own advantage to persuade these confused millions that they are already in a Paradise of Freedom. But the thoughtful moral teacher must insist that *this magnificent array of contrivances can never do more than furnish new opportunities for true manhood.* Every invention is a new opportunity, and every opportunity imposes a new obligation. The cultivated citizen of an American city, in comparison with the savage of Nebraska, has an incomparable advantage in his circumstances; but this advantage finds its compensation in his fearful increase of moral obligation. The Indian can use all his opportunities for nobility, and sleep half the day in his wigwam; the citizen can only use his privilege by a sleepless vigilance, and the exercise of energies unknown to the red man. New opportunities do not make new men or create a new civilization; they only call man to arouse from his slumber, and put forth some faculty hitherto dormant, and fix his eye on a higher excellence, and climb up them as up a ladder scaling a new heaven. And the awful fact about this whole matter is: *that there can be no labour-saving machine for the manufacture of character.* Man is called to-day to do and be what was never before conceived of excellence and power; a new world is around him; a world of slopes ascending to higher eminence, wandering off into a horizon of summits flushed with a glory as of angelic lands; but, alas! he can possess his new kingdom only in the old way. Just as Adam and Eve went out the gate of Eden and saw the earth before them, and began to mould that energy of moral manhood and womanhood which is the sovereign power of creation, must the Young American pass out of the gates of his infant innocence, and earn a spiritual position by the sweat of the brow and the soul. There is only one way to be great and good, and that the old way. Spite of all modern inventions and opportunities, the essential conflict of life is the same. Perhaps we sneer at the old Theological Devil; but it is just as hard for us to resist evil as for those who believe in him. We scorn the monks and hermits and ascetics of the old days, yet under our broadcloth and satin and fine linen is the same death grapple for manhood that bent Simeon Stylites on his pillar thirty years. Experience, character, cannot be inherited; opportunities *can* be inherited. You may come to your noble father's estate and position, but you cannot gain your father's nobility without working harder than he, for it is more to be noble to-day than in his day. America is the heir of all the ages; every battle for freedom that has shaken the earth, every gain in knowledge, comforts, policy, has drifted a treasure across the ocean to her; but the *experience of a nation in the use of its opportunities* she cannot inherit; that she must earn herself. Her character is her own to make or lose; and never was such a task set for a people as to shape a true civilization out of our circumstances. Invention is both privilege and obligation—and only in accepting and using both is this great problem to be solved.

Whenever man fulfils this obligation, and tries with all his might to become a noble being, as his opportunities increase, then is realized the law of my text. "*Seeking first*" the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, all these things are added unto him. All Inventions save drudgery relieve man from the slavery to material things, and give him leisure to cultivate his higher nature. Thus, modern machinery will finally abolish slavery and ignorant labour. To manage a first-class kitchen is beyond the power of Kathleen or Minna, fresh from the other side; they must become educated women, or first-class employment is closed against them. Sleepy old Jonathan or Knickerbocker, with his pipe in his mouth, cannot sit on a mowing machine; a man must be wide awake to keep out the way of its sharp wheels, or to follow a horse-rake, a planter, or a thresher. Whoever hasn't brains must "stitch, stitch, stitch," and leave her brighter cousin to use the sewing machine.

A fool can be a priest in Italy; but a minister in the Free Protestant Church must be much of a man to hold the people. So do all these inventions abolish drudgery, and demand culture for their use; and in our day, a successful farmer and his wife will use more science in their dairy or their fields than most of our labour-despising, dilletante young people carry about at the end of the college or academical course. Drudgery and the class of drudges must gradually disappear, and what has been regarded menial work will become a fit employment for the most accomplished people.

Thus a great deal of time will be saved from the lower side of life that may be used on the higher work of building a character in the image of God. And a true man will use his leisure for this purpose. He will recognise in this inventive faculty the key to let him out of the dungeon of material dependence; and when he is in the free air and light, he will put forth all the sublime and lovely attributes of his being. Think of the opportunity enjoyed by a young woman for the best culture, to-day, in this town, compared with that of her grandmother out in the country fifty years ago. The grandmother had no time for cultivation; to cook, bake, wash and sew for self, husband and children was the life of a slave; travelling was slow; population scattered; Nature had her under her feet. If she became cultivated and noble, it was her own great merit toiling against difficulties. The grand-daughter can have her work chiefly done by machinery; the water-pipe is in the wall, the light flashes at the touch of her finger, the furnace and the range warm her and cook her dinner, the sewing has ceased to be a night-mare; books, lectures, schools, cultivated society, and time enough to use all, are at her hand; she can do just what she has the patience to achieve, and be what she will. What a world of drudgery is saved this generation—what centuries of time have been rescued from material uses, so that Eternity is becoming our inheritance! And he who has this, and will employ it aright, may become such a man as will eclipse the heroism of the past; a sovereign with "all things under his feet"; a man to whom we can say, in the glorious words of Paul, "All things are yours: whether the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours." Yes, this world can even now be used so well that it may become the ante-court of Heaven, and amid our common opportunities we can realize the experience of that Immortal Life which is only the ascending growth of the soul through wider spheres of knowledge, and power, and beauty, and love.

But now suppose man, instead of this, does the contrary—*accepts the privilege and repudiates the obligation of this new condition of human circumstances.* He does not regard every invitation as a new opportunity which demands new efforts after manliness, but clutches it as a fresh occasion for selfish indulgence. The wonderful improvements in modern labour and commerce he prizes chiefly as a more expeditious mode of making money. The increase of social conveniences is only an excuse for luxurious living. The facility of communication but enlarges his ambition for wide reputation. He abuses the freedom of religious worship by refusing to countenance the institutions of Christianity, or perverts the Church of Christ to a movable platform of personal advancement. Our invaluable privilege of universal male suffrage he insults by the refusal to vote, or the prostitution to corrupt partisan ends. A free press means to him the liberty to flood the land with nonsense or scandal and dilute his intellect by saturation in the thin gruel of popular literature. And Republicanism in America is to him little but a conceit of selfish liberty to neglect the cause of his fellow-man and push his own whim to its utmost bound. Can there be any question what will be the consequences of such a criminal abandonment of the new obligations of an American citizen? Is any sober man so near a fool as to dream that he can use this splendid array of opportunities in the new world for selfish ends, and come out safely? Are we so far gone in national conceit as to believe that God loves His children in these United States so much better than the rest of mankind that he will permit us to ignore this eternal law, *that whoever doth not improve his opportunities shall lose them or find them his curse?* Let the ministers of religion, spite of the rage of the demagogues who live on the degeneracy of the State, reiterate the lesson that if man does not grow in character in America as he gains in privileges, his new Inventions will not serve him; nay, will become his special tormentors; and from the abuse of the very freedom of which he boasts will come his more fearful destruction. For see how these new Inventions turn against him when he makes himself morally incompetent to govern them.

* * * * * * *

If we are to have no greater elevation of manhood and womanhood in this age than the past, let us pray Heaven to destroy all our new inventions. For out of the opportunities of a people comes its reward if it be worthy, or its retribution if it degenerate. We know the worst that old world privileges can inflict on a nation when man falls away from them; what he has suffered in Rome, in France, in Austria, history record; and that could be endured again. But what a fearful looking-for of judgment will there be for Americans if they go down below their circumstances and, in the strife of selfish success, forget their high obligations to God and man. Think of our commercial panics that scourge us for ignorance, haste and dishonesty in business; of railroads and steamships and machinery everywhere built by unfaithful workmen, and managed by heedless and wicked superintendency; of the possibility of wreck to health and life implied in any street of modern residences inhabited by an effeminate population; of the chaos of atheism and fanaticism into which our popular Protestantism can any day be plunged by a people who have forgotten God and man; of the frantic gabbling of twenty-five millions of conceited tongues, educated on the trash that is daily hawked through the streets, and bound to settle every problem that the sages of the generations have left unsolved; of a nation like ours, driven into a war with combined Europe, or a worse contest of sister States, by citizens too wicked to vote right or too indifferent to vote intelligently! Is this hell that yawns beneath our new civilization a pleasant place to look into? Ah! the old Theological lake of fire is not the only hell with which the preacher in our land may threaten his hearers; nearer to them are the "infernal regions" that America could easily become with a population below its opportunities. Here might be seen a hell where every other train ran off the track, and the dying shriek of the drowning passenger on the sea was caught by the sinking boat on the Hudson, and prolonged by the exploding craft upon the lakes, and swept down the Mississippi in a wail of death to the far-off wreck-strewn shore of the Pacific; where dyspepsia, and consumption, and "general debility" dwelt in every luxurious house, and the pale face of woman and the dimmed eye of man were the emblematic skeleton at every feast; where pecuniary disaster lurked in every bargain; and a reputation died at every stroke of the editor's pen; and the Church pulled down Christ, and set up some foul abomination of our barbarism in His place; and the State was in a chronic revolution! What untold woes are hidden in this array of calamities, not fanciful, but such as even now, in part, we know—woes as new as the latest fashions, and as fearful as novel. Pray Heaven to avert such a fate, and second that prayer by living up to your advantages. For should we get under the feet of our Inventions, no invasion of Goths and Vandals could be compared with the terrors of a State where man was the sport of his own contrivances and every new agency with which his busy brain had peopled the earth would be changed to an inhuman enemy for his persecution.

Friends, this is the inevitable law, eternally enacted for every soul: that if man "seeketh first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all these things shall be added to him"; if, first, he seeketh his own selfishness, all things he has made shall turn against him. And thus the world he has created about himself, when viewed from the mount of Christian character, shall glow like the descending slopes of paradise beneath the sunshine of God's approving love; but viewed from the pit of unchristian degeneracy, shall glare like an impending firmament of storms lit by the lightnings of retributive doom. Do you heed the application of this law to the public of to-day and the land in which we live? Do you not understand that all our real prosperity as individuals and as a people comes from the manly use which is made of our new life, and that all the varied troubles that harass our families and our States, and the more depressing fears that haunt those who can think and feel, are but the inevitable result of our neglect of American obligations? In the last seventy-five years, what have we not invented? Almost everything that makes us a "peculiar people," until we live in an outward world of our own. So far have we pushed out from the landmarks of the past that we are now drifting over an unexplored sea of which there is no chart in any book of history, where only a force of character, such as was never known before, can save us. *Have we that force of character* adequate to guide the ship of our civilization to a safe port? I do not know what new energies may be developed—what great heads may be born, or what virtues may be dislodged by coming trials; but it looks now to a reflecting man as if character in America was creeping on at a snail's pace, and opportunity running on the wings of the wind.

* * * * * * *

I speak not to those who scorn the word of warning; but I ask thoughful men and women if they can say in conscience that their own elevation of character is what it should be to control these agencies of our time; are you honest enough, pure, intelligent enough; sufficiently economical and patriotic, and prudent? Do you live like wise men and women, determined to

pulsion is used. No intoxicating liquor is made or sold within the settlement; drunkenness is unknown there, and since its first formation but one person connected with it has been arrested for a violation of the laws. No case of bastardy has hitherto occurred; the general moral standard of the community is high, and the social improvement is marked and manifest.

The settlers are, for the most part, fugitive slaves, and of the whole number about one-third are of pure African descent. If Mr. King be right in this, the proportion of blacks is, I think, much greater than in the Province at large. Those of them who have been accustomed to farming, and have had some capital to commence with, have done exceedingly well, having cleared more land and made greater improvements than the great majority of white settlers in the same time and under similar circumstances. Those who have brought neither skill nor capital have had a much more difficult task, but even these have so far either paid up their instalments regularly, or when they have passed them it has been by permission, the money being laid out upon the land, so as to render future payment easier. *Many have already paid in full for their farms and received their deeds*, others are prepared to do so in the coming year, and Mr. K. is confident that at the expiration of the ten years all will have come into full possession of their lands.

Two settlements of Europeans have been formed in Canada under Government direction, one of Highlanders at Notowasaga, north of Toronto; another of mixed Irish, English and Scotch emigrants at Ramsey, near Brookville; the settlers of both for some time received aid in provisions, farming implements, &c., but both have failed. At the Highland settlement some 20 or 30 of the original settlers, with their families, still remain; the others have long been dispersed. They began to do better immediately the Government aid was discontinued. Mr. King attributes the greater success of the settlement at Buxton partly to the fact that, in the first place, the negroes are better axe-men than European emigrants, and so are better fitted to contend with the difficulties attendant upon clearing a heavily timbered country; but mainly to the circumstance that the colony at Buxton was, from the beginning, self-supporting. The negroes perfectly understood that they were to depend upon themselves alone; that they were to receive no supplies in money, in food, or in clothing; and thus, their pride and self-reliance being excited, they worked with a will, not otherwise to have been looked for. If, on the whole, this has been wise and has worked well in one respect, it may have retarded the progress of the settlement, or, at least, have diminished the result as seen in it; since many of the negroes have found it more profitable, perhaps necessary, to employ part of their time and labour at a distance from Buxton. Now, however, the completion of the saw-mill, the brick-yard and the potash factory affords a field for labour on the place itself.

Of the fifteen slaves Mr. King originally brought with him, three have died, though their places have been taken by children that have since been born in Canada; nine are with him still settled at Buxton; one is married and lives at Chatham; two, a mother and daughter, are at Detroit, but Mr. King has lately received a letter from the daughter, stating that they are about to return to Buxton. One of the slaves, at that time an old man of sixty-five, received, in consideration of his age, some assistance in putting up his cabin, and we believe in clearing his land. He married at Buxton a woman of suitable years, and has ever since supported her and himself without any assistance. I saw his house, his garden, and his corn-patch, and everything looked neat and flourishing.

In company with Mr. K. and our companion from Chatham, we walked over a part of the settlement. The place was certainly no realization of a Utopia, nor did the cabins resemble the neat, white-painted houses of a New England village. Everything was new, rude and rough. To a city-bred man the timber was terrible. I saw one tree left standing by the roadside, at least five feet through at the base, and rising straight as an arrow and scarcely diminished in circumference to an immense height, before it gave off a branch. Most of them were from two to four feet in diameter. The road was merely a wide lane cut straight through the forest, with the roots of the trees everywhere traversing the deep, friable soil. On either side, here and there, were scattered the cabins and clearings of the settlers—the former all built of unhewn logs, set back the prescribed number of feet from the road, and each one surrounded by its kitchen-garden. They were not destitute of all traces of ornament. Over the rude porch in front of the cabin creepers were frequently trained, and one, covered with a hop vine in full bearing, looked exceedingly pretty. Some of the gardens boasted flower-beds, and bright-coloured phloxes and poppies and corn-flowers were in contrast with the dark forest which hemmed us in. We entered the cabin of a fugitive, but two years from Kentucky, and who had married, we believe, some time after he had reached the settlement. The cabin was smaller than the model; but the owner, with an eye at a future time of adding to it, had built the chimney double, and a huge brick fire-place stared at us from the outside. Within was the wife, with a couple of small children, her relations, to whom the couple afforded a home. There were chairs, a table, a large chest, a cooking-stove and its utensils. The family dinner was still on the stove, pork and potatoes, while into another vessel, in a quantity of hot, bubbling fat, had been thrown some green corn in the ear. The man was absent at work in the brick-yard.

Another cabin we entered belonged to a man—a full black—who, fourteen years before, had escaped from Missouri. He had been six years at the settlement, and had twenty-four acres of land fenced and under cultivation, and six more on which the wood had been felled. He had paid up four of his instalments, and owned a wagon, a yoke of oxen, a mare and two colts. He had four or five children, and his eldest boy, fourteen years old, was reading Virgil!—for him, I fear, unprofitable reading. The day was warm, and the smaller children, like the rest of those we saw, were dressed for warm weather: their legs, feet and arms were bare, and their garments had apertures about them which had not been bestowed by the tailor or dressmaker. In the house, beside the ordinary bed and bedding, chairs, tables, &c., we found a rocking-chair, and a large new safe—a recent importation from Yankee land. On asking for a glass of water, it was brought in a clean tumbler and upon a plate.

Another cabin, belonging to an old settler, was more ambitious. It was larger, with a vine-covered porch; had a hall in the centre, and a room on either side; about the walls were hung sundry staring prints, and a carpet, sofa and a large cooking-stove were added to the usual articles of furniture. One feature of all the cabins we must not forget—the huge brick fire-place, occupying the best part of one side of the room, and which, with its chimney, bore tokens of the roaring fires which blazed in it during the winter.

We saw only a small, and, as we were informed, the newest and least advanced, part of the settlement, but our stay in Canada was limited, and, despite the hospitable invitation of Mr. King to remain a few days with him, we felt ourselves compelled to hasten home. We left Buxton with the belief that we had seen one of those rare men who, by a single-minded devotion to one worthy object, not only accomplish great ends, but ennoble our common humanity.

TO THE FRIENDS OF HUMANITY.

It was but recently, in looking over the list of candidates for office, designated by the Radical Abolitionists in convention at Syracuse, I read my own name. I am, it seems, in nomination. Had I been consulted before I was placed in such a position, I should have objected, promptly and steadfastly. I must now decline the nomination. Those who feel an interest in the matter may be willing to weigh the reasons by which in doing so I am controlled.

However slight the figure which the party among whose candidates I find my name may make in the eyes of people generally, among my thoughts it holds a prominent position. It is made up of men who in earnestness, enterprise and fidelity greatly excel the most significant and attractive names which any other party among us can repeat and commend. The claims of Human Nature, amid the objects by which it is surrounded and the relations it sustains, they regard as sacred. These they are ready promptly to assert and resolutely to maintain. To these they require Civil Government, in its aims, designs and exertions, fully to respond. This demand they intend to repeat with ever-increasing emphasis in whatever they may attempt in the sphere of political activity. To be put into nomination by them is a far higher honour than to be put into office by any other party. Why, then, decline this proffered honour? An answer to this inquiry is the object of this paper.

The so called government of this Republic I regard as a stupid, grim, malignant conspiracy. All this it is, in its inception, in its elements, in its policy—in its history, generally and comprehensively. To secure a full participation in its powers and privileges, it does not demand conformity even *in aim* and *effort* to the principles on which alone government can be constructed. It offers free access, first to the ballot-box and then to the highest of its offices, to the imbecile, the unjust, the malignant. Indeed, such have generally exerted a controling influence in whatever may belong to its history. Hence its most prominent members have often been flagrantly and grossly the vassals and the victims of the appetites and passions. They may hold their places unrebuked, nay, unquestioned, while notoriously guilty of drunkenness, whoredom and oppression. They may be foul blasphemers, eager gamblers, and ferocious duellists without forfeiting their hold on the responsibilities and emoluments of the loftiest positions. They may give their countenance to all that is absurd and revolting—to all that is *damning* in intemperance, war and slavery—and still be commissioned to wield the loftiest prerogatives and appropriate the highest honours. Now, all this is totally inconsistent with the IDEA OF GOVERNMENT—is in the harshest conflict with the laws on which alone it can be organized. Wherever and however this is endured and encouraged, crime, mischief and misery must greatly abound. Human rights will be trodden under foot. The general improvement and welfare will be held in contempt. All the objects for which the institution of government was established will be wantonly and recklessly sacrificed. So, according to the settled tendencies of things, it must be; so, according to its history, in this Republic, it has been.

Now, I may not, cannot identify myself with a conspiracy characterized by a foul atheism and cruel inhumanity. I cannot recognise it as a government without assailing the prerogatives of God and the rights of man. I regard it as absurd, hateful, execrable. It is what it is, in the face and eyes of objects and designs which itself describes as essential to the existence and authority of government, and this with all the emphasis and solemnity of which well-trained hypocrisy is capable, in the preamble of its Constitution. I have no hope that it will be raised to the worth and dignity appropriate to the name which it has impudently assumed. It must and will be blotted out of being. BERIAH GREEN.

Whitesboro, Oct., 1857.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1857.

NOTICE TO DONORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

We take the liberty of reminding those who have unpaid pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society that their payment at this time would be exceedingly welcome, as funds are greatly needed: The financial pressure bears as hard upon us as upon other people, while our resources are fewer, and the Society is compelled, therefore, even more unreservedly than usual, to throw itself upon the generosity of its friends. It solicits not merely the payment of pledges already made, but new donations.

Funds may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston, or S. H. GAY, New York, according to the convenience of location.

We also urge upon subscribers to this paper a prompt payment, as absolutely necessary, of bills recently issued. We are urgent upon this point because printers, paper makers and pressmen cannot work without pay, and because we have the right to make the most pressing demand, even in such times, for the immediate payment of sums, small to the individual, though large in the aggregate, many of which have long been due. Remittances may be made either in coin, post-office orders, or New York bank bills, and should be sent to this office.

SEPOY CIVILIZATION.

INSTINCT is a great matter, as we know by the example as well as the precept of Falstaff. So is the second nature of habit, ingrained into the constitution of the mind by long, perhaps inherited, inclinations and practices. You may apparently tame a tiger or a wolf till he shall follow you like a cat or fawn upon you like a dog, and seem to have laid aside the ferocity native to him; but under some extraordinary excitation, some savour of blood or sting of provocation stronger than usual, the inhering savagery bursts through the artificial taming, the claws spring from their velvet sheath, and the fangs gleam impatient to tear and devour. So an external varnish of refinement is sometimes spread over substantial and inherent barbarism so as to deceive the mind as well as the eye. Civilization seems to have achieved a victory when some of the amenities of manners or some of the softer aspects of life are apparently accepted by men living under barbarian conditions, and surrounded by an atmosphere of inherited prejudice and vice. Many a missionary has looked upon a neophyte as a babe of grace because of his willingness to cover his nakedness with a cast-off pair of breeches, or to torment his feet with the unwonted torture of the boot. But, in spite of boots or breeches, and of more vital refinements than these, the savage often starts to life again, on sufficient occasion, in all the fierceness and cruelty of his unreclaimed nature.

The English are having a taste of this truth even now in India. The Sepoys seemed to have been recovered from Asiatic barbarity to at least a semi-European civility. They were brave, susceptible of discipline, made good soldiers, and showed an especial docility and subserviency to the *prestige* of rank. And yet the vices native to their blood had never been eliminated from it, and, when the exciting cause was applied, it blazed up into a feverous delirium of cruelty and rage. The influence of a century of British rule had been felt, too, as it appeared upon the surface, by the higher classes of the native races. The Oriental elements of character had been modified by the knowledge of occidental usages and by the society of the conquerors. The princes and the priests, the learned men and the merchants, felt their genius rebuked, as it seemed, before that of their fair-haired invaders. Englishmen lived in peace, with their wives and children, under the shadow of the Ghauts or the Himalayas, in as sweet a sense of security as if it were Snowdon or the Cheviots that looked down upon them, strong in the confidence that the very terror of the British name was sufficient for their safety. They saw nothing but respect and servility in the myriads of dusk faces that surrounded them, until lighted up by the glare of that terrible revenge which visited them with death, and horrors worse than death, the memory of which will send a shudder round hundreds of English firesides for fifty years to come.

And they that prompted and took part in those atrocities were by no means all of them of the degraded castes. Many of the men who seemed changed into monsters of direst cruelty at Cawnpore and Delhi were not without a superficial civilization or polished manners, or learning after the kind eldest of all upon the earth. Nana Sahib, whose name will be infamous to the end of time, for the unmentionable abominations he committed and instigated, was not a rude and vulgar savage in his address or way of life. Many an English gentleman had sat at his splendid board at his castle of Bittoor, and shot over his princely demesne in his company, with as full a sense of perfect safety as if he had been in an English manor-house or park. He was a man of polished manners, of an affluent hospitality, with all the external types of civilization upon him; and yet it soon appeared what a demoniac savage was concealed under that soft and attractive exterior. And this seeming incongruity between the form and the substance of civilization is by no means limited to the Indian peninsula or to races that refuse to receive the baptism of the Christian faith. We could find instances in point much nearer home to prove how an essential barbarism can coexist with an apparent civilization. Laws and men act and react one upon the other, and institutions which men have called into existence often mould the characters of their creators into shapes they little dreamed of in the beginning.

The slaveholders, for example, often boast—indeed, it is their staple brag—of the courtesy and cordiality that mark their manners as contrasted with the cold and repulsive address of the frigid Northerners. We do not admit that there is any difference in the manners of truly high-toned gentlemen, let them come from what region of the world they may; but we will grant that there is an external polish and suavity possessed by most of the slaveholding class, such as is generally found among men exercising authority over acknowledged inferiors, when they come into the society of recognised equals. This is often seen in military and naval officers, and for a similar reason. With the exception—and a mighty one it is—of their all-but universal tobacco-chewing and "loose expectorations," the average of Southern manners and address is sufficiently good, and there are occasional instances among those of them who have had a Northern or European education of a high type of good breeding. The pressure of the hand is cordial, the invitation urgent, the hospitality abundant, provided it be accepted on the necessary conditions of silence or of consent. But put it to the test of dissent as to the character of their institutions and the inherent nature of the slavery on which they are built up, and you will soon see how deep the cutward show of courtesy goes down into the substance of the character. Bully Brooks, as he is fitly enough named from the action which has made him historical, was by no means a bully in the usual meaning of the word. We have been assured that he was well-bred, gentle and modest in his ordinary demeanour. Yet he has made himself perdurably infamous by his cowardly attempt to assassinate an unarmed and unsuspecting man on the floor of the Senate Chamber. And the better class of slaveholders, of whom we have spoken, and of whom he was, perhaps, a favourable specimen, united with the worser sort in saluting him unanimously as the model gentleman and hero of the South. Col. Netherland, too, whose name has been somewhat prominent of late before the public for his sacred regard for the discipline at once of the Church and of the whipping-post, is vouched for by Parson Brownlow as a Christian and a gentleman. Without putting too much reliance on so questionable an authority as to such matters, it is by no means improbable that he has the exterior deportment of a gentleman. And yet he gave up a fellow-creature to tortures no jot inferior in intensity of bodily suffering to any of those inflicted by the orders of Nana Sahib. Hindostan is not the only country in which the giant Barbarism is too strong for the green withes with which an imperfect Civilization has sought to bind him.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

WE commend to the notice of our readers, especially those of the number who are called upon to defend before the public the doctrines of the American Anti-Slavery Society, the authoritative statements we published last week, as to the relations of the Methodist Church to slavery. Anti-Slavery lecturers are constantly told by Methodists, both clergymen and laymen, that the slavery which exists in the Methodist Border Conferences is merely nominal, and that the anti-slavery spirit there is rapidly and surely overcoming it. The statements, from Methodists living in that region and endorsed by *Zion's Herald*, give the lie to these pretences, and confirm the disclosures lately made by the Rev. J. D. Long, in his "Pictures of Slavery," for which he is to be tried at the next meeting of the Philadelphia Conference. His prosecutor, the Rev. T. J. Quigley, has sent him a list of charges and specifications filling more than a column of *The Northern Independent*. Mr. Long, we understand, is eager for the conflict, being confident that, with anything like fair play, he can make a triumphant defence. That the pro-slavery party will do all in their power to crush him there is no room to doubt. *Zion's Herald* says:

"If our Philadelphia Conference brethren prove recreant in this time of trial, if they allow Bro. Long to be persecuted and crushed for telling the truth and pleading the cause of God's poor people, why then they show what they are made of, and the sooner they 'go to their own place,' according to their own affinities, whether in the 'Church South,' or elsewhere, the better. But if they, in the midst of opposition and tumult, calmly but determinately, take the stand for liberty and right, then they will prove themselves worthy sons of their sires; they will occupy the vanguard in our Church; they will make the whole Church exult in their purity and courage, and advance the general cause of humanity and of Christ so as to cheer the hearts of all God's people throughout the world. That they may act with a trembling sense of their responsibility to God, and a perfect disregard for the opposition of men, is what their friends in the North fervently desire."

The Southern Methodists are watching with intense interest the struggle to free the Northern Church from slavery, hoping, if the anti-slavery party shall succeed in carrying the measure of exclusion, that the Border Conferences of that Church will either divide or go over bodily to the Church South. Already it is proposed to change the name of the latter from "The Methodist Episcopal Church, *South*," to "The *Wesleyan* Methodist Episcopal Church," so that the brethren along the Border may not be repelled therefrom by a *sectional* appellation. The leaders of the Southern Church flatter themselves that if the anti-slavery party in the Northern Church succeeds in carrying through the next General Conference (in 1860) a rule excluding slaveholders, the pro-slavery Methodists even of Philadelphia and New York will unite with the South. Already it has been proposed to establish in this city an organ of Southern Methodism. The Texas *Christian Advocate*, complaining of the wrongs endured by the Church South at the hands of the Church North, says:

"The remedy for all these things is plain, practicable and potent; *an organ of true American Methodism in New York, setting forth and vindicating our true position, viz, ecclesiastical connection with no political question whatever, and demonstrating it as the Scriptural position of the New Testament Church.* The success of such an enterprise need not be doubted. Political papers in New York, opposed to the fanaticism of the North, are amply supported. The New York *Day Book* and the *Journal of Commerce* may be taken as examples. Religious papers at the North, also, advocating the very position we occupy, and fighting ecclesiastico-political fanaticism, as we do, prosper abundantly. The New York *Observer*, Old School Presbyterian, and the Philadelphia *Christian Observer*, New School Presbyterian, are examples. And one great reason of the large circulation of the *Christian Advocate and Journal* is its *quasi*-conservative position. But none of these are of any advantage to Southern Methodism, which is but another name for unsectional Methodism. When the true relation of our Church to political questions is fully understood, as it would be through such an organ as we propose, the masses of the people, North and South, tired of the modern political desecration of the Church and the pulpit, will repudiate ecclesiastical intervention in State affairs, and joyfully support a truly New Testament Church. . .

"We repeat, we are in favour of establishing a Southern Methodist paper in New York, and that soon. Let no foolish timidity deter us; we can accomplish it easily; let us do it."

A correspondent of the same paper responds warmly, and says:

"I could name Methodist gentlemen living in the city of New York, who, in point of standing, wealth and piety, would lose nothing when compared with the best of the Northern Methodist membership, who are strong friends of our side of the house, who expressed themselves mortified at the course adopted by the Northern General Conference. They had nothing to do in the attempt to defraud the Southern branch of the Church out of her just dues. We can, we ought to, we *must* have an *Advocate* in the city of New York."

Dr. Myers, the editor of the *Southern Christian Advocate*, has lately been on a visit to the North. He speaks of Northern Methodism in a way which amounts to a pretty cordial invitation to all the disaffected cotton-loving members of the North to secede and enter the Church South:

"My intercourse with the laity of the M. E. Church whom I have met on my route has convinced me more than ever that the sympathies of great numbers of them are more with our branch of the Church than with the *spirit* that pervades their own. Many of them cannot speak with respect of their own Church. I see that some of the *Advocates* counsel all who thus sympathize with us to go over to us. We hope they will heed the advice. It will add thousands to our communion of the best men of the country, and will open our way to becoming the National Methodist Church. I am better satisfied than before that we only need a *catholic* name, and, with our Discipline, *as it now is*, we can come as far north as New York—a brother here says, as far north as Boston for *one* church—and find many who will hail as a blessing the establishment of old, conservative Christian Methodism in their midst. They would be ready to move at once, but conservatism loves quiet, and shuns agitation, and they only wait for that next blow to be struck, that now impends, whereby all slaveholders shall be excluded from the Church, which they already consider inevitable. It is now our duty to prepare the way for Christian union with these Methodists—people and preachers—whom fanaticism will eventually sever from their present ecclesiastical relations. They are our brethren in sentiment—they now hold a false position in fact—let us be united as once we were—as, indeed, but for the prevalence of evil counsel and the act of a tyrannical majority in the General Conference of 1844, we would yet be."

We have no doubt whatever that the men who have so long and so successfully struggled to keep the Northern Methodist Church in a pro-slavery position would in their souls prefer a connection with the South in the contingency above referred to; but whether they will have the courage to avow that preference and act upon it is a question which time alone can settle. Dr. Bangs not long since declared, in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, that if the anti-slavery party persisted in carrying out their proposed measures, the Church must inevitably be divided, as the conservatives would not submit to acts which they deemed unconstitutional. How many timid anti-slavery men will be frightened by such threats we cannot tell. *The Northern Independent*, alluding to the proposition to extend the Southern Church into Northern territory, says:

"There is, beyond question, among us here at the North a class of as real slaveholders in spirit as ever graced a Southern plantation. Though living in a free country, they breathe the spirit of slavery, and would have slaves, if the law would allow it. Such men, unfortunately, are in the M. E. Church. We have some hope of reforming them, and do not wish to see them drift away from our Church until it becomes certain that they are incorrigible. But if they mean to stay only so long as they can keep the Church tied to the dead carcass of slavery, we can assure them there is no hope of their remaining a great while. Reform will go on, regardless of pro-slavery whinings. The sniveling of the slave-breeders and their chaplains will awaken no pity. The triple cheat that man was made for Methodism, that Methodists were made for a system, and that the system will be ruined if slavery is expelled, is now forever exploded. We would that the cotton Methodists of New York and Baltimore had right views of the subject, and deemed it as necessary to fight the sin of oppression as other sins; if, however, they choose to shut their eyes to the light, if the love of self, of ease or popularity, if the fear of man or judicial blindness has incapacitated them to stay in the Church when slavery is put out, then they must go. It is our opinion that a few will secede and find a home in the more congenial society of the slave-breeding Methodists of the South. While we cannot advise such a course, we shall submit to it with a remarkably good grace. We know too well the spirit and bearing of both lay and clerical abettors of slavery to desire their presence except as a kindness to them—just as the physician desires the presence of a loathsome patient, whom he hopes to cure."

We are glad to observe that the determination to free the Church from slavery at the next General Conference is apparently gaining strength. Many of the Annual Conferences have declared in favour of the measure. We publish the resolutions lately adopted by the Wisconsin Conference, believing them to be indicative of the prevailing sentiment among Northern Methodists.

Resolved, 1. That American slavery, "the sum of ALL villanies," the climax of all wrong, should not be tolerated either in Church or State.

2. That we will labour to the utmost of our ability, with our voices, with our pens, with our prayers, and with our suffrages, to abolish it from both as speedily as possible.

3. That it is a matter of congratulation and "exceeding great joy," that the sentiment, that all men are entitled to the blessings of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," is so rapidly advancing in our country.

4. That though we are deeply mortified that the M. E. Church has within her sacred pale those who hold slaves, yet we hail with joy every newly-developed evidence that this burning reproach will soon be wiped away from our beloved Zion, and that she will march forth, pure from the blood of her brethren, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

You committee would further report, that whereas the failure to secure the desired result in the last General Conference, was, doubtless, owing to the want of uniformity of views among the anti-slavery men; therefore,

Resolved, That this Conference appoint a committee of correspondence to secure, if possible, concert of action on this subject, and that we respectfully suggest the propriety of doing the same in all the Conferences desiring the utter extinction of slavery in the M. E. Church.

These corresponding committees can ascertain the views of all, and thus secure uniformity by a mutual compromise, if necessary.

The pro-slavery party in the Church now takes the ground that slavery cannot be excluded without an alteration of what are called the "Restrictive Rules." As these rules cannot be changed without a vote of three-fourths of the members of all the Annual Conferences, confirmed by a subsequent vote of two-thirds of the members of a General Conference, and as such a result is practically impossible of attainment for many years to come, they hope to succeed in quieting all agitation of the subject. The anti-slavery party, on the other hand, believe that no such round-about process is necessary—that the General Conference is competent, by a majority vote, to make a law prohibiting the admission of slaveholders to membership. *The Northern Independent* states the matter thus:

"1. That we are now an anti-slavery Church—made such by the rule which forbids the doing of evil.

"2. That the General Conference, by a bare majority, can proceed at once to carry out the prohibition now existing in the General Rules.

"3. That the administration of the Church may and should be thoroughly prohibitory, even now, and without waiting for further legislation.

"4. That slavery is a high crime, and therefore needs no more specific prohibition than already exists in our Discipline.

"5. That we are not obliged to tolerate in the Church flagrant sins, crimes of the most horrible character, till by good luck we can get a three-fourths vote of all the Annual Conferences and a two-thirds vote of the General Conference for a specific prohibition of such crimes; or, in other words, that our Discipline prohibits not only such crimes as are expressly named, but all crimes.

"The Restrictive Rule process exactly reverses all these positions, and leaves the Church completely paralyzed. It was solely by the nefarious effect of such teaching that the pro-slavery champions of the last General Conference contrived to stop all progress, and arrest the anti-slavery Report."

"Those who pursue a course that entails upon the Church the curse of slavery not only deserve to be called pro-slavery, but render it impossible for their friends to characterize them in less offensive language. Nine-tenths of the men who now plead for the Restrictive Rule process opposed *all* amendments until they saw that, in spite of open opposition, change must come, and then they changed their policy and went in for a change according to the Restrictive Rules. By this constitutional question they have sought to divide the anti-slavery ranks and defeat action. We have the best possible reason for believing that a very large proportion of the sticklers for the Restrictive Rule process are precisely on a par with Baltimore. Their anti-slavery is like the temperance of the judges and the rummies who broke down the Maine law on account of its unconstitutionality."

Zion's Herald is confident of a speedy victory. It says:

"It is as evident as any future event can be, that the next General Conference (1860) shall and will make a regulation by which slaveholders shall be excluded from Church communion. The Border knows it unless it is demented. The great body of the North, not merely New England, but all the North, are determined that their voice shall be right on this subject, and that they will be no longer divided and feeble, but firm and united in the aid which they will render to true anti-slavery men on the Border."

We certainly hope that this anticipation will be fulfilled, but we remember that many anti-slavery Methodists were equally confident that the measure would be carried in the *last* General Conference. That will be a glad day for the bondmen and their faithful friends which witnesses the complete disenthralment of the Methodist Church from its guilty connection with slavery and the earnest devotion of its immense moral energies to the cause of freedom and humanity.

CUBA "A FORLORN HOPE."

DURING the progress of the struggle in Kansas comparatively little has been said upon the subject of Cuban Annexation. Indeed since the return of Mr. Soulé from Madrid we have heard of no definite project for the immediate acquisition of the long-coveted isle. The Ostend manifesto awakened a feeling among the people of the free States which convinced the slaveholders of the danger of attempting then to carry out their scheme of robbery and conquest. The effort to establish slavery in Kansas had imposed upon the Democratic party a burden so heavy that it could not be safely increased; and hence the conspirators were constrained to postpone the question to a more auspicious period. That the project has been finally relinquished is a supposition forbidden by our experience of the audacious pertinacity of the Power which has so long dominated in the land; but, if we may trust the word of *The* (Richmond) *South*, the slaveholders are not hopeful of immediate success. We copy from that journal of a recent date the following lugubrious observations:

"It is not within the range of reasonable probabilities that there will be additional annexation of territory to the United States for many years to come. The golden opportunity for the acquisition of Cuba was permitted to pass by unseized. Spain expected, when Mr. Soulé returned from Ostend to Madrid, that he would present to her the alternative of seizure in case she refused to sell. The ministry and the Cortes had made up their minds individually as to the policy which it was the most judicious for them to adopt. The purse had its peculiar attractions for them, and they would have been but too happy to have made a virtue of necessity. They would have pleaded in justification of the transfer the large amount of money received by the sale, its value in developing the rich untouched resources of the old mother country, the inability of the nation to physically resist the strength of this Republic, the impossibility of securing aid from England and France (even if they had been well disposed to furnish it), by reason of the sanguine state of belligerence in which they were then involved with the Czar, and the expense incurred from time to time in retaining the Island in consequence of its disaffection to the Crown. The civilized world was prepared for such a procedure on our part, and to tacitly acquiesce in it. It knew that its interests would be bettered, not worsted, by the confidently expected change of ownership. Louis Napoleon is reported to have remarked in one of his confidential circles: 'The Americans want Cuba; it is natural they should; but they cannot summon sufficient courage to make a bold proposal to Spain—one which would command her approval, rather than inspire her with terror or provoke her resistance.'

"Since then the possession of Cuba by this Government has become an utterly forlorn hope. The Cubans, once so enthusiastic in their wishes to become a part of our national family, are now, almost to a man, arrayed against the measure. The Know-Nothings and Black Republicans are one at war with their religion and their foreign nativity, and the other with the institution which they could not relinquish without blighting all their hopes for honourable subsistence in life, they have decided rather

'To bear those ills they have,
Than fly to those they know not of.'

"True, neither of those parties, as a party militant, formidably exists, but the Cubans quite naturally reason they may unite hereafter and, deriving additional strength from new issues, secure the reins of Government. Were Spain to make them the offer, Will you remain under the Crown or go to the Union? their answer would be almost unanimous against us. Therefore, Mr. Buchanan may spare himself the trouble of diplomatizing for this gem of the Gulf, and the South dismiss the hope that it is soon to become a member of their sisterhood."

Perhaps this tone of discouragement is simulated for the purpose of deceiving the North and covering some new scheme of annexation. We know it is the opinion of some intelligent and cool-headed politicians that Mr. Buchanan is determined to purchase or conquer Cuba before the end of his term; and if, as now seems probable, Kansas becomes a free State, he may be compelled to push the scheme of annexation as the only means of conciliating and appeasing the South.

MRS. CHARLOTTE ASH, a very respectable and worthy woman of colour, is in this city soliciting aid to purchase a daughter and her child, now held as slaves in Mississippi. Mrs. Ash is herself free, having earned, by her own labour, at Washington, enough for her own purchase; and she has beside earned about $400 towards the price of her daughter and child, which is $1,400. The balance she hopes to get by voluntary donations from benevolent people at the North. Any person who may read this paragraph, and who feels free or able to extend aid to individual slaves, may send any sum he wishes to contribute to Mrs. Ash's fund to this office. One cannot see her without feeling for her the warmest sympathy, and the most cordial wishes that all who are disposed to give money in such cases may do so freely in this.

THE DISUNION CONVENTION AT CLEVELAND.

LETTER FROM AARON M. POWELL.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 1st, 1857.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SINCE my last letter, *the* Northern Convention, which was to have been held at Cleveland, Ohio, has been postponed, and a Disunion Convention held at that place.

To us who have been for two months past in the lecture field, noting the unmistakable interest, in almost all our audiences, in relation to the Northern Convention, its postponement was a matter of great regret. The lecturing agents, who had been widely scattered in the West, all seemed to agree in the opinion that the prospects for a great representative Convention, according to the design of the call, were very flattering. And the same opinion seems to have been entertained by all from whom I have heard an expression, except the Committee of Arrangements. The action of that Committee was of course intended to serve the best interests of the cause of Freedom—under the circumstances, however, I can but regard it as an unfortunate error of judgment.

As you will have learned ere this reaches you, a Convention was held in Cleveland on the 29th of October. Notwithstanding the general notice of postponement, quite a large number of delegates reached Cleveland, learning only on their arrival of the postponement. Many others were heard from in different sections, as on their way, or intending to come, when the notice of postponement reached them. As it was, we had a good Convention, with nine or ten States represented; but of course it could only be a fragment of what was originally contemplated. MARIUS R. ROBINSON, editor of the Ohio *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, was chosen President. You will doubtless get a report from the Secretaries, or through the *Bugle*, and I need not, therefore, repeat its proceedings.

Parker Pillsbury, the Fosters, Remonds, S. B. Anthony, Mrs. Colman, W. W. Brown, A. T. Foss, and C. C. Burleigh were in attendance.

The resolutions were, in the main, strong, and well directed against the organized Despotism which is crushing the slave and threatening the liberty of every man, woman and child, North as well as South.

The Cleveland *Leader* (Republican) treated our Convention in a respectful and friendly manner. The *Herald* (also Republican) seemed nervous and very much disturbed, its editor avowing that not only the members of the Convention, but all who signed the call, should be HUNG! From the tone of the *Herald* in relation to our movement, Buchanan, if duly grateful, should transfer to its editor the appointment of postmaster, though the *Plain Dealer* (possibly from fear of losing the post-office) groaned as if the victim of intense suffering!

I was informed, upon good authority, that some of the leading Republicans of Ohio rejoiced in the prospect of the Northern Convention, and were looking forward to it with a decidedly friendly interest, among whom were JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, Mr. WADE and others.

W. J. Watkins, of Rochester, N. Y., attended the Convention and presented his objections to the Disunion movement; with very little force, however, it seemed to me, as he practically asserted a doctrine of *No Union with Slaveholders*. Mr. PRYNE, of Ohio, objected to the Disunion doctrine. Our audiences were intelligent and quite as large as could have been expected under the circumstances.

We may rejoice in the good done by the Convention which was held, and by the prelliminary work which preceded it, and press on in our labours until we shall not only have the glorious Northern Convention as anticipated, but may witness the utter overthrow of the present slaveholding Union, and, as a consequence, the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery.

AARON M. POWELL.

The editor of *The Bugle*, writing from Cleveland, Oct. 28th, says:

"The Disunion Convention is fully under way, notwithstanding its postponement. On arriving in Cleveland I found many friends of the object of the Convention, and all overwhelmed with mortification and disappointment at the postponement of the Convention. Quite a number were present from extreme parts of Ohio, from Pennsylvania, Indiana and Michigan, who had heard no account of the postponement until their arrival in the city. But for the unfortunate announcement we should have a Convention overwhelming in numbers; as it is we have one of great intellectual and moral power for its numbers, and one which will make its voice heard through the land in spite of the ignoring of our existence by the Cleveland papers."

The Cleveland papers, however, did not altogether ignore the existence of the Convention, as will be seen from the letter of Mr. Powell. One of them—*The Leader*—treated it with courtesy, and to it we are indebted for a copy of the resolutions presented by the Business Committee, as follows:

Whereas a Call for a Northern Convention to assemble to-day in this city has been issued and signed by more than six thousand five hundred persons, residents of seventeen States of our Union, "To consider the practicability, probability and expediency of a separation between the Free and Slave States": and

Whereas that Call has been suddenly and unexpectedly countermanded, and the assemblage postponed by the Committee of Arrangements, therefore; be it

1. Resolved, That we, the assembled Delegates and others, signers of this Call, or friendly to its objects, are not able to see reasons sufficient for such postponement; nor can we think that the Committee possessed any power, delegated or moral, for such a proceeding, especially at a period so late that many of us could not be informed of it, until our arrival in this city, after journeys in some instances of hundreds of miles, at much cost of time and money.

2. Resolved, That good faith towards the public, a due respect for ourselves, as the callers of this Convention, and more especially our responsibilities to the cause of Humanity and Freedom, impel our adherence to the design for which we have come together, and, without questioning the motives or intentions of those who have counselled a different course, and deeply deploring their absence, with that of thousands of others who are kept away by this sudden action, we will still hold a Convention for the promotion of the objects contemplated in our original call.

3. Resolved, That Slavery and Liberty are eternal antagonisms, and can never be peacefully united in the same government. Fire and water, Christ and Belial, are not more irreconcilable; and of this fundamental truth the history of the United States is a sad, yet clear and unmistakable, illustration.

4. Resolved, That in the formation of the American Union, the Jesuitical doctrine that the end sanctifies the means was adopted and followed, and the eternal law of right repudiated and set at naught.

5. Resolved, That resistance to tyranny is both a sacred right and an imperious duty, and revolutions in Government are no less so when they fail to secure all the rights of the humblest of the people.

6. Resolved, That the whole history of the United States Government is a continued conspiracy against Liberty; until not only the slaves of the plantation, but the entire people of the nominally Free States are subjected to a despotism wholly unknown to the American Colonies before the Revolution.

7. Resolved, That, however needful the American Union might have been at its formation as a protection against British and other foreign despotisms, it now exists only to protect and prolong a despotism far more terrible than the old world ever knew; and consequently the very reason for its foundation is now even more powerful for its destruction.

8. Resolved, That, waiving all questions of expediency and policy, and carrying the whole subject upward in the region of conscience and the Higher Law, we declare this Union a crime and curse that should not exist a single hour, and, come to us what may, we hereby proclaim our settled purpose, in the name of Freedom and of God, to seek its destruction as the only means of acquitting ourselves from all participation in the guilt of Slavery and of giving the Slaves a fair field to achieve their deliverance from bondage.

9. Resolved, That it is the duty of the Slaves to strike down their tyrant masters by force and arms whenever the blow, however bloody, can be made effective to that end, unless Washington was a murderer and the American Revolution was a crime against God and man.

10. Resolved, That, whenever we behold them in the battle-field of Freedom, we will give them every aid and comfort in our power, in the same spirit which brought La Fayette and Kosciusko to the support of our Revolutionary ancestors in their struggle to achieve their rights.

The first two of these resolutions were adopted unanimously on the first day. The others were probably passed on the second day. Of the proceedings of the second day, however, we have received no other account than that from Mr. Powell.

Here is *The Leader's* commentary upon the Convention:

THE DISUNION CONVENTION.

In spite of the withdrawal of the publication of the call for this Convention, and its postponement on account of the pecuniary distress of the country,

life. The Battle Creek meeting prostrated me greatly; and a change of weather to wet and cold completed the work. But the attentions and care of our friends, who seem well acquainted with this kind of prostration, so common here at the West, are bringing me up again; and my '*suspension*,' I trust, will not be longer, nor more disastrous in its consequences, than many others that in this day of 'panic' crowd the columns of the newspapers."

Caroline P. Remond, says Parker Pillsbury in *The Bugle*, "is everywhere received (at the West) with much favour, and is truly a most valuable auxiliary. If she can only be made to feel her power, there is scarcely any eminence she may not reach."

POLITICS.

In Iowa the Republicans have elected their candidate for Governor by at least 2,000 majority. They have also secured a majority in the Legislature.

The returns of the New York election are too few to afford ground for any positive judgment as to the result; but there is reason to apprehend that the sham Democracy have elected their State ticket and secured a majority in the Legislature.

It is now certain that Ramsey, the Republican candidate, is elected Governor of Minnesota; but the sham Democracy will have a majority in the Legislature, and will therefore be able to choose two United States Senators. They have achieved this result by frauds of the most atrocious character, but for which there is no remedy.

The Republicans have carried Massachusetts, electing Banks Governor by more than twenty thousand plurality, and securing a large majority in both branches of the Legislature. This, we presume, ensures the reelection of Henry Wilson to the U. S. Senate. If we cannot rejoice in the election of a slippery politician like Banks, we may at least felicitate ourselves that that unscrupulous demagogue, Henry J. Gardner, is to be no longer Governor of the Old Bay State. Having ascended into the political heavens like a rocket, he has at last come down like a charred stick!

The official returns of the Pennsylvania election look better for the Republicans than we expected they would. The vote of Wilmot for Governor is less than that cast by Fremont by only 1,300, while that of Packer, the Democratic candidate, falls short of Buchanan's vote by 41,610! The "straight American" vote has fallen off from 82,229 for Fillmore to 23,160 for Hazlehurst. The sham Democracy of Pennsylvania have, therefore, little occasion to exult over their opponents.

SCANDALOUS FRAUD.—Of all the journals of the sham Democratic party there is not one more utterly mendacious than the Detroit *Free Press*. The editor is not ignorant of the difference, as to principles and measures, between the American Anti-Slavery Society and the Republicans. He knows that the latter emphatically disapprove and condemn the Disunion sentiments of the former, and confine themselves strictly to such anti-slavery measures as they deem consistent with a paramount allegiance to the Constitution and the Union. He knows that Henry C. Wright is in no sense a representative of the Republican party, but its earnest and inveterate opponent. And yet, knowing all this, he copies an extract from one of Mr. Wright's letters to *The Liberator*, wherein it is declared that "treason, rebellion against the American Union is the one paramount duty of the Northern States," and, placing over it the heading, "*Black Republicanism—its Death-Bed Blasphemies*," comments thereon as follows:

"Thousands of men were deluded into the support of Black Republicanism by the loud and oft-repeated assertions of the leaders and organs of that party that their only object was to prevent the extension of slavery. By the aid of these dupes, nigger-worship attained to power in many of the Northern States. When that result had been reached, the mask was thrown aside, and the real purpose of the organization—hostility to the Constitution and the Union—was boldly avowed. The leaders fondly imagined that the venom of disloyalty had been too thoroughly diffused among their followers to permit of eradication. But they have found themselves mistaken. They have found that thousands of their rank and file have resorted to the infallible antidote, Democracy, and have thrown off the poison from their system. Witness the recent elections in the North.

"Black Republicanism now lies upon its death-bed; and, in the agonies of dissolution, true to its whole course of life, vents hideous blasphemies, inspiring all good men with horror and disgust. Detestable in life, its memory will be held accursed forever."

The utterance of Mr. Wright, it will be seen, is treated as that of a "Black Republican" throwing aside a mask and boldly avowing the purpose of his party! The man who can deliberately perpetrate such a fraud (and it is only a specimen, illustrating the common practice of the *Free Press*) must be as dead to every sentiment of honour as he is obviously regardless of the truth. The fact that such a fellow manages to keep out of the State prison affords a striking illustration of the incompetency of government to punish wickedness according to its desert.

TRIALS OF ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURERS.—The "field hands" sent forth by the American Anti-Slavery Society are often constrained to pursue their beneficent mission under circumstances which would utterly discourage men less earnestly devoted to the cause. Here, for example, is a bit of experience recorded by Parker Pillsbury. He is speaking of a Convention lately held at Farmington, Michigan:

"When we arrived, at the hour appointed, the church we were to occupy was unopened, and it was a half hour, nearly, before we could obtain the key. When at length we got an entrance, it required much time to put things in condition for business. The plastering had fallen from the ceiling in large quantities, the whole building was covered with dust, and there was no fuel for a fire. While some swept and dusted, others of us went foraging about the grounds outside, for such wood and bark as we could pick up, and between eleven and twelve we were ready to organize our meeting. The morning exercises were of course short, but we had a good meeting in the afternoon, and an excellent impression seemed to be made. It did not manifest itself, however, in any more attention to the comfort of the meeting; for in the evening a few of us had again to sally forth in the damp and dark to pick up, *entirely by sense of feeling*, such bits of wood and chips as we could find to warm up the church. It was evidently a most unfortunate remedy for my *fever and chills*, which were every hour becoming more severe. But our meeting was, after all, most effective, and Remond never made or need make a more effective address."

REV. THEODORE CLAPP.—We enjoyed the rare privilege of hearing this distinguished preacher and eminent divine last Sunday. He occupied our pulpit in St. Paul's Church, and preached upon "Religion, its character and tests." The discourse was profound and filled with passages of great power, and exceeding beauty. We were astonished at the power of voice, and the general vigour of one who has toiled so long, and endured so much, and a new and higher appreciation of "the old man eloquent." God bless and spare him yet many days to come. W. W. K.

We copy the above from *The New Covenant*, a Universalist paper, published at Chicago. The preacher who is thus warmly commended has spent the chief portion of his ministerial life in New Orleans, where slavery and the traffic in slaves exist in their most revolting forms. So far from bearing testimony against the system, he was ever its apologist and champion, vindicating it, in and out of the pulpit, as sanctioned in the Scriptures and approved of God. On one occasion, in a public discourse, he said, "HERE (in the Bible) WE SEE GOD DEALING IN SLAVES!" And yet this blasphemer (so strong are the ties of sect!), because he professes to accept the Universalist shibboleth, is admitted to a Universalist pulpit in the anti-slavery city of Chicago, and received as a bright and shining light of Christianity!

SPIRITUAL ANTI-SLAVERY SPEECH.—B. S. Jones, in a letter to *The Bugle*, giving an account of an Anti-Slavery Convention at New Lyme, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, says:

"During the discussions of Sunday forenoon, and while S. S. Foster was speaking, the wife of the chairman—Marsena Miller—took the floor, under what purported to be spiritual influence, and gave a speech sound in argument, unexceptionable in grammatical construction, beautiful in language, and eloquently delivered. I never before heard a speech purporting to come from a dweller in the spirit-land that would compare favourably with the one Mrs. Miller gave. After its conclusion, I was surprised to hear that it was J. W. Walker who spoke through the medium. Though others thought they perceived in it a strong resemblance to the speeches of our departed friend who laid down to sleep with his anti-slavery armour on, I saw nothing in it to call up to my remembrance his efforts in the bondman's cause."

HONOURABLE.—We published last week (in the column of Summary) an account of an assault committed by Major Emery, of the U. S. A., upon Prof. Loomis, a school-teacher in Washington, D. C., who had offended him by punishing his son. It affords us pleasure to state, as we do now upon the authority of *The Tribune's* Washington correspondence, that the Major, with true chivalry and with a frank manliness that does him high credit, made an ample apology to Mr. Loomis, admitted that his boy had been justly and properly punished, and that he himself had been wholly in the wrong in abusing and assaulting the teacher. In consequence, all legal proceedings in the case have been withdrawn.

DISCUSSION IN VIRGINIA.—We copy the following paragraph from *The* (Richmond) *South*:

WHY WAS IT?—When Mr. Rosser made his speech in Fincastle on Tuesday, he desired that the slaves should bear him, in order that they might know who were their best friends. Yet Mr. Rosser could not get more than one or two slaves to attend.

When Mr. Nadal, as the representative of the North, spoke on Wednesday, there were twenty or thirty negroes present, and yet Mr. Nadal did not want them to hear him, and requested the officers of justice to see that they were not present.

We are not informed either as to the occasion or the subject of the discussion here alluded to. It must, we presume, have had *some* relation to slavery, and the fact that the slaves were eager to listen to a supposed "representative of the North," while they did not care to hear his opponent, is quite significant.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER from a lady in Scotland to a friend in this country:

"I was much interested in your sketch of the Dred Scott case and its bearings. It summed up previous information, and afresh aroused our disgust at your governmental proceedings. What the retribution on your nation may be, we tremble to contemplate. Sometimes national retributions are permitted to come, suddenly and perceptibly, in *kind*, as, for example, the present state of matters in British India, where the atrocities perpetrated by the natives are almost a reflection of those inflicted on them under British rule. Oh! how we wish that you could peaceably sever the North from the polluting contact of the South, and stand forth pure and free."

THE Rev. HENRY HIGHLAND GARNETT, the coloured minister of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church, has long professed to be a thorough-going Abolitionist; and yet he consented to receive installation, on Tuesday last, at the hands of a pro-slavery Presbytery, that unmitigated old bunker, Dr. Prentiss, of the Mercer street Church, preaching the sermon! When educated coloured men thus stultify themselves, we need not wonder that white men so often find their sectarianism overmastering their consistency as Abolitionists.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 702.—*Contents.*—The Bengal Mutiny; Béranger; Microscopic Preparations; The Soft-hearted Postman; Hoops, Bonnets and other things; Designer's Ateliers in Paris; The Hudson's Bay Company; A Good and Faithful Servant; The Witch's Daughter; Modern Leprosy; La Ferme aux Pommieres; A Parisian Litterateur; Channing—Sa Vie et ses Œuvres; German Literature; Smith the Poet; Poetry; Short Articles.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. *Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.*—The first No. of the new Boston monthly, for which the public expectation has been duly whetted for two months, promptly makes its appearance on the 1st of the month. Its comely outside and handsome pages insure it the first hearty welcome which always awaits good books; and the general opinion seems to be that its sterling good qualities confirm the first impression. We shall pay our respects to it more at length when we have had leisure for a nearer acquaintance with it.

HON. JOHN P. HALE will accept our thanks for a copy of the Report to the U. S. Senate of the Explorations for a Railroad Route from the Mississippi river to the Pacific Ocean.

Summary.

The Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society in Janesville, Wisconsin, has contributed $200 to aid the editor and proprietor of the *Kentucky Weekly News*.

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milkman, when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please mum, the pump-handle's broke, and missus took the water from the biler."

COLOURED SOLDIERS FOR INDIA.—The *Toronto Colonist* says there is a movement among the coloured residents of Canada to organize coloured regiments for India. Whether the British Government will accept their services remains to be seen; but the *Colonist* thinks that such regiments would be eminently fit for the service.

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.—A worthy clergyman in this city, following the practice of his ministerial brethren, recently preached a very earnest discourse on the hard times, enforcing the duty of retrenchment and economy. Immediately after church the congregation took him at his word by holding a meeting, at which his salary was cut down from $1,000 to $600.—*Evening Post.*

A WRONGED WOMAN'S REPLY.—Recently a man died at a tavern in this county that he had long frequented, neglecting his family. The tavern-keeper sent her word that he was dead and inquired her will. She replied: "In life he was with you—he gave you his money and drank your liquor, which undoubtedly caused his death; I now leave him with you to bury."—*Newburyport Herald.*

BAD PROSPECT FOR SMOKERS.—It is stated that incessant rains during the last part of August and the first part of September have seriously injured the tobacco plant, and rendered it impossible to prepare the ground for laying the seed; a process which, in order to secure a productive harvest, must be performed in the beginning of September. The cultivators of the tobacco districts are offering fervent prayers to Heaven that its blessings may not be withheld from this important branch of industry.

OFFICIAL OFFICIOUSNESS.—A few weeks since, Rev. Richard Knight, of Holyoke, formerly of Kansas, made application for naturalization papers, when Mr. Newell, the postmaster at Holyoke, opposed, and endeavored to prevent his securing them, on the ground that Mr. Knight had declared that he would not obey the Fugitive Slave law, etc. The judge, who had silently regarded the proceeding, turned to the clerk, and, in that unruffled manner which is one of his characteristics when contempt leaves him nothing to say, bade him administer the usual oath.

ANTI-SLAVERY MISSIONARY OPERATIONS.—The American Missionary Association has eight missionaries in slave States. There are also three colporteurs in the slave States engaged in circulating religious, anti-slavery and temperance publications, and in giving Bibles to the slaves. They make it a point to converse with the people on the sinfulness of slavery. There are nine Churches in Kentucky, and eight in North Carolina, aided by the Association. All of these Churches exclude slaveholders from their communion, and the missionaries preach as freely against slavery as against intemperance or any other wrong.

JAMAICA.—Mr. Whipple, the Corresponding Secretary of the American Missionary Association, in the report lately submitted to the Association, says that the statements of the missionaries in Jamaica utterly contradict the pro-slavery reports of the state of the Island and the character of the blacks. The people will work readily for those who treat them as freemen and pay them suitable wages. They are rapidly improving in character, and the cultivation of the Island is rapidly increasing. Properties there were fast increasing in value. This confirms the statements lately made in England by gentlemen of unimpeachable character, thoroughly acquainted with the state of affairs in the island and competent to form a reliable judgment.

NEWS.—We were conversing with a young lady some few evenings ago, at a literary reunion; and as she had been introduced as a poetess, we, of course, touched on poetry. It was not many minutes before she had run through the stereotyped list of favourite authors, when she concluded with Byron, asserting her conviction that he was the greatest poet that ever wrote. We modestly hinted that we preferred Shakspeare, upon which, with an unaffected laugh at our simplicity, she cried:

"Why, Shakspeare wasn't a poet; *his plays don't rhyme!*"
—*Toledo Blade.*

UNIQUE PRAYER.—A certain divine of Massachusetts, being called upon to offer prayer at a Masonic celebration, and not being initiated into the secrets of the institution, made use of the following form:

"O Lord! we come to offer our prayer unto thee, for what we know not. If it be for anything good, wilt thou bless it! If for anything bad, wilt thou curse it!"

On being remonstrated with on account of the nature of this prayer by one of the fraternity, he replied:

"If you tap the barrel, you must take the cider as it runs."
—*Harper's Monthly.*

PRICE OF NEGROES IN GEORGIA.—At an executor's sale of negroes in Rome, on last Tuesday, for cash, and none of whom were bought by the legatees, the following prices, by no means suggestive of hard times or bank suspensions, were bid: A woman named Mary, 35 years old, $1,000; Abby, aged 26, and her two children, one about six years old and the other an infant of about four months, $1,740; Oscar, 16 years old, $750; Madora, 20 years old, $801; Theodore, 8 years old, $635; Lewis, 17 years old, $1,137; and Thaddeus, 10 years old, $860; making an aggregate of $6,923 for the nine.—*Rome (Ga.) Southerner, 22d ult.*

ACCESSIONS TO THE UNION.—It is very probable that early in the approaching session of Congress three new States will apply to be admitted into the Union, and become coequal and co-ordinate members of the Confederacy. The aspirants for this honour are the Territories of Oregon, Minnesota and Kansas. Of these Minnesota alone has finally adopted a Constitution—the Conventions of the other two being now at work framing their fundamental law. Thus the number of the United States will be thirty-four. The places of the Territories advanced to the more elevated condition of States will probably soon be filled by the organization of Arizona, Dacotah and Carson, for which, it is said, the necessary steps are being taken.

CHASE OWES HIS ELECTION TO NEGRO VOTES.—We stated previous to the election that the Black Republicans on the Reserve were making preparations for allowing negroes to vote throughout that noted locality. It now seems that the negroes did vote without hindrance from the Black Republican judges. At Oberlin over one hundred such votes were cast for Chase & Co. In Ashtabula many such were also cast, as also in Trumbull. And we have no doubt that we shall hear of them having voted at other polls. There have been polled a sufficient number of negro votes throughout the State to more than make up Chase's majority. His advocacy of the social and political equality of the negro with the white race has been of vital service to him. They have saved his bacon for him this time, sure.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

CHURCHIANITY.—A capital good word, which often mistakes itself for Christianity, and thus it came: Dr. Parr had preached two sermons at Birmingham (1789) for the benefit of the charity schools there, in which he earnestly recommended to the audience two admirable sermons, which their townsman, Dr. Priestly, had written and published. The commendation gave great offence, for the name of Dr. P., who was a bold Dissenter, was poison to the orthodox ears of many of the congregation. One of them met Dr. Parr in the vestry, immediately after the sermon, and ventured to expostulate with him, and to represent to him that the sermons recommended might be admirable and good Christian doctrine, but that the author was an enemy to the Church, and therefore ought never to be mentioned within its sacred precincts. Parr heard him out, and then calmly replied, "Sir, you are the best vindicator of *Churchianity* I ever knew."—*National Intelligencer.*

Governor Concha seems at length to have taken hold of the suppression of the slave trade in good earnest. He already has twenty-five hundred captured Africans in hand. The last advices from Cuba report the capture of two slavers on the coast, one with five hundred and fifty, the other with six hundred and twenty Africans on board. The first of these vessels is described as a Baltimore-built clipper, with her name erased; the other as a large American bark. There is no doubt of the power of the Governor-General to put a complete stop to this trade if he chooses. It has been done before, and may be done again. For some months past this trade seemed to go on without any attempt, at least any effectual attempt, at its suppression; but the information and stimulus communicated to Gov. Concha through the New York newspapers seems at last to have put him in motion to some purpose.

A YOUNG AFRICAN PRINCE KIDNAPPED.—Among a cargo of slaves from Africa, lately landed near Havana, was the eldest son of one of the African princes. It seems that he had been sent by his father to the factory to deliver the slaves, and while there was induced to visit the schooner. The captain, it seems, was no more scrupulous than others of the same school, and considered that the prince's fine physical appearance would be a good recommendation to a Cuban planter, and, without further ceremony, sent him below to keep company with his father's captives. Fortunately he could talk French and Portuguese, and made known his history. He was sent to the deposit of the Emancipadoes, where, according to Spanish law, he must be put to service for eight years before he can be free to return to his home in Africa. If he ever returns to his native land, we don't believe he will be quite as zealous in catching and selling into slavery his fellow-men as formerly. It may prove a valuable lesson to him, though a hard one.—*N. H. Palladium.*

THE SLAVE TRADE IN NEW YORK.—In crossing the Williamsburg Ferry, the other morning, my eye was attracted to a little craft lying at a pier on the Brooklyn side of the river. She was a sharp-bowed, schooner-rigged vessel, with black hull, tall raking masts, and all those graceful appliances which the nautical eye so readily appreciates. This vessel, as I afterwards ascertained, is now being fitted out for "St. Thomas and a market," by the same party that owned the Paez, the brig recently taken into Havana.

Of the twenty or thirty slavers that are known to leave our port every year, some half-dozen have been seized, of which I believe only two were condemned, while their owners escaped punishment altogether. Various reasons have been given for these repeated failures of justice, the most prominent of which is that the law itself is defective. But I suspect the chief difficulty lies in the fact that the principals in this nefarious business being both wealthy and of high social position, they are looked upon by our judges as being altogether too genteel to be hanged.—*N. Y. Cor. Boston Traveller.*

COLOURED SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.—Some years ago, the Rev. Wm. King, a slave-owner in Louisiana, manumitted his slaves and removed them to Canada. They now, with others, occupy a tract of land at Buxton and the vicinity, called the Elgin Block, where Mr. King is stationed as a Presbyterian missionary.

A recent general meeting there was attended by Lord Althorp, son of Earl Spencer, and J. W. Probyn, Esq., both members of the British Parliament, who made addresses. The whole educational and moral machinery is worked by the presiding genius of the Rev. W. King, to whom the entire settlement are under felt and acknowledged obligations. He teaches them agriculture and industry. He superintends their education, and preaches the Gospel on the Lord's day. He regards the experiment as highly successful.

IMPORTATION OF LLAMAS.—A correspondent thus calls attention to a fact that may prove of importance and benefit to the agricultural and even other interests of the country:

"By the steamer Star of the West, which recently arrived here from Aspinwall, advices were received from the South Pacific coast of the intended shipment to this country of 140 or 150 'llamas,' via the Isthmus of Panama. These animals are well known in the Pacific, where they are extensively used as beasts of burden, and are very valuable for their wool. In the mountains of Peru and Equador, where there is much snow, they are found in large numbers, and, as they are thus accustomed to cold weather, it is believed they are well adapted to the climate of this country, particularly that of our northern latitudes. They are very hardy, vigorous animals, capable of bearing much fatigue, and of being sustained with comparatively little food. Those expected here are of the description from which the alpaca wool is obtained. They were to leave Guayaquil about the middle of September, and will probably arrive here next month."

BOTH SEXES IN THE SCHOOLS.—A writer in the *Christian Register*, in speaking of the Chapman School in Boston, makes the following remarks on the education of both sexes in the same institution:

"For several years this important question has been before the minds of the educational public, eliciting every variety of opinion, and gradually drawing all true thinkers on the side of its advocacy. In the Chapman Hall School in this city the experiment of the union of the sexes has been tried with eminent success, and we rejoice to learn that the principals of that excellent institution are making arrangements to meet the increased applications of the opening year for the admission of girls into their schools.

"We are also happy to learn that at the meeting of the American Institute of Education, held this year in the Granite State, the discussion of this question resulted in the decision of a very large majority in favour of the union. We like these signs of the times, and anticipate the period when, in all our higher schools and academies, the male and female mind shall side by side be exerting their wholesome and legitimate influence upon each other."

TWO GENTLEMEN DRIVEN OUT OF FRANKFORT, KY., BY A MOB.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* of the 30th Sept., has the following:

"On Tuesday last, Mr. S. W. Rogers, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. N. H. Gold, of Newport, R. I., visited Frankfort, Ky., upon private business, having no connection whatever with banks or financial matters. Soon after registering their names at the hotel, they took a stroll through the town, and on their return they were surprised to find the office and steps of the hotel filled with a large crowd of people, who were loudly talking, and whose remarks seemed to be directed to the two gentlemen as they entered the house. Being innocent of any offence, they could not understand the cause of so much excitement, until the cry of 'Drive the Cincinnati Abolition brokers out of the town' greeted their ears, and they were warned by a friend that they had better leave the city. The explanation of this mob-law demonstration was that the gentlemen were suspected of being money-brokers from Cincinnati, who had come into town for the purpose of buying up the Frankfort banks redeemed in specie. Rather than subject themselves to insult, and perhaps to personal violence, both gentlemen concluded to take the first train of cars, being followed to the depot by the excited crowd, who hooted, shouted and threatened."

OPERATIONS OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—A correspondent of the Louisville *Democrat* at Madison, Indiana, under date of Oct. 26, 1857, says:

"Last Saturday night, the 24th of Oct., five negroes fled from Hunter's Bottom, Carroll County, Ky. One a negro man, Dick Daily, belonging to Samuel Fearn; the others, three negro girls and a boy, all children of Dick's, belonging to Moses T. Hoagland. They crossed the river Saturday night, immediately after dark, in a skiff, just above Madison. Their flight was not discovered till Sunday morning. Several men went in pursuit yesterday morning, but I have not heard of their being overtaken. Dick is a mulatto, and very intelligent. For a long time his master has sent him to Madison three or four times a week with marketing, and had the privil ge of coming to the city whenever he chose. He, no doubt, has the plan of flight so well arranged that they will not likely be overtaken. The city is infested by the most rabid Abolitionists, and whenever fugitive negroes get among them, they (the Abolitionists) are ready to exercise all their ingenuity and energies to secrete them and protect them from pursuit. These Abolitionists have rendered negro property upon the river very uncertain and insecure, and the farmers over there place but little value upon their negroes, as they are likely to leave them at any time, and when they get among these Abolitionists they are safe."

KIDNAPPING SLAVES IN MISSOURI.—A correspondent of the Missouri *Republican*, writing from Georgetown, Pettis Co., Mo., Oct. 25, 1857, says:

"This quiet little village is somewhat excited this morning, in consequence of the announcement made that, on last night, three of Gen. George R. Smith's negroes, and a youth who called himself Henry Ward Spencer, left, taking with them five of the General's horses. Spencer came to Gen. Smith's several weeks ago, saying he came from the East, on his way to Kansas, and has been enjoying the General's hospitalities until last night. Said Spencer is about 18 years of age, small, slender stature (weighing about 100 pounds), of delicate appearance, light hair, an effeminate voice, and delicate appearance generally. He says that his father lives in Pennsylvania, and his manners and conversation prove him to be a Yankee raised in some of the Eastern cities. He appears to have been decently raised, and wears a suit of black (I believe cloth) and a cap. One of the slaves is a man named Henry, of ordinary size, dark complexion, and very smart; the other two are young, bright mulatto women. It is thought that they have gone into the Kansas Territory or made for Iowa. Gen. Smith is now absent at a meeting of the Directors of the Pacific Railroad in St. Louis. Several friends have gone in pursuit of the fugitives, and it is to be hoped that the young Yankee knave will soon be overtaken."

TOBACCO MONOPOLY IN FRANCE AND TOBACCO DUTIES IN ENGLAND.—From a document issued by the Ministry of Finance, exhibiting comparative statements of the indirect revenues of France the first six months of 1857, compared with the corresponding period of 1856, it appears that the product of the sale of tobacco (the tobacco monopoly in the hands of the *Regie*) during the former period amounted to 84,168,000 francs, nearly $17,000,000, against 79,011,000 francs, or $16,800,000, the first six months of 1856. During the same period there were imported into Great Britain for consumption 16,121,746 pounds of tobacco, exclusive of manufactured and snuff, on which the British government realized a revenue from customhouse duties alone of $12,188,040. Supposing the importation of tobacco into both these countries the last six months of 1857 should equal (and it will doubtless exceed) the importation of the first six months, the aggregate amount of revenue derived from tobacco, almost wholly of American growth, by the governments of Great Britain and France, would reach, for 1857, the sum of $58,376 080; or for France $34,000,000, and for Great Britain $24,376 080. Almost every dollar of this enormous sum comes out of the labour of the American tobacco growers, and the figures represent no more than a minimum average of the result, one year with another, of the American tobacco trade in France and Great Britain.—*Wash. Union.*

A SABLE HERO.—Conspicuous among the hundred rescuers who toiled on Monday for the recovery of the slain was a coloured porter, named Harry, who worked for Metz & Clark. He was deeply attached to Mr. Clark, one of the killed by the falling of that terrible wall. Long before the fire was quenched among the ruins, and while the smoke rolled up in stifling clouds, Harry went to work with pick, shovel and crow-bar to recover the body of his beloved employer. He toiled with an intelligence and perseverance truly astonishing. Body after body was found, and taken away, before he reached the object of his search. At last, after eight hours of herculean effort, amidst fire and smoke, he found all that the fallen walls and consuming flames had spared of the mortal parts of his beloved "boss." The big tears gushed from his eyes, and that strong man wept like a child at the awful sight, as he helped to place the poor, charred, crushed remains of Mr. Clark upon the bier provided to convey it away. But his bitter grief was tempered with the satisfaction that he had rescued the body from the devouring element, identified it, and secured for it a decent interment. How could we suppress a pang of indignation at the miserable demagogues who have the hardihood and wickedness to proclaim that such men as Harry possess no rights which white men are bound to respect?—*Chicago Tribune.*

JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke was presented by the Grand Jury of Charlotte Co., Va., at one time, for permitting his negroes to pick corn on the Sabbath. While the Jury had the presentment under consideration, he entered the court-house in a rage, with a large whip in his hand, and, inquiring particularly where they were in session, threatened to whip the whole crowd should they dare to find a bill against him. Being informed that they were in an upper story room, he made his way towards it, but the Jury, overhearing his threats, dispersed very unceremoniously, none being willing to encounter his fury. The presentment was thus peremptorily quashed, and not a word more said upon the subject. There are many old papers of his in the possession of parties in this neighbourhood, which, if published, would prove exceedingly interesting. His diary, which he is said to have kept principally upon the alternate blank pages of the Almanacs of the day, is said to betray faithfully the peculiar eccentricities of its author. It is said to include every little incident in his domestic life down to the whipping of his negro and the cause for so doing. He is buried upon his own estate, about nine or ten miles from here, with nothing to mark his grave save a large rude rock placed at its foot by his own request. The house in which he lived is now occupied by a lawyer named Bouldin, who became its purchaser after his death, with a large portion of the surrounding estate.—*Cor. Texas.*

"PUT IT THROUGH."—In one of the express offices in this city, the other day, the agent having been often annoyed by some one about his premises *sampling* the contents of kegs or demijohns containing wine or liquor, which the Company had undertaken to forward, determined to set a trap for the offender. Accordingly he got Dr. ——— to so medicate a demijohn of wine (which he had purchased for the purpose) as to make those who should drink of it very sick at the stomach. This done, he addressed it to some name in Boston, labelled it, marked it to be "*Put through with care*," and set it with the day's freight. It was soon espied by the depredator for whom the trap had been laid, and it was not long before he managed to get a good swig at it. He was caught in the act by another clerk, and had to compound for it by letting *him* take a pull at it, also. The latter communicated the pleasing intelligence to others, and as they all had been working hard and stood in need of refreshment, and it was rather a good joke than otherwise, and the company was amply able to pay for it, they all took a drink. The original drinker, by right of discovery, drank two or three times; and presently a sicker man you never did see than he was. He was not alone in his misery, but he had the worst of it. The emetic operated with more or less violence upon several persons, and a very ludicrous picture—or, rather, whole gallery of pictures—they presented. In all probability the contents of the wine bottles *in transitu* through that office will be entirely safe hereafter.—*Tribune.*

COL. NETHERLAND.—This gentleman and his friends have actively circulated communications in the newspapers North and South, denying the statements of the Rev. Mr. Sawyer, impeaching his character, and exonerating the parties implicated by him in the ill-treatment of the former slave of Dr. Ross. The editors of the New York *Evangelist* state that they "have instituted more particular inquiry into the matter, as the result of which we have information which is in every respect reliable. This enables us to state that men of the most respectable standing in Rogersville, men not partisans of Mr. Sawyer, nor connected with him by ecclesiastical affinity, nor sharing, probably, in his opinions on the "vexed question," corroborate his statement in full. As to the estimation in which Mr. Sawyer was held, it is only necessary to say that he was regarded in the community where he resided as an honourable man, a true Christian and devoted minister of the Gospel—just in his opinions, temperate in language and conduct, and would rather submit to a wrong than inflict it upon any one. As a proof of the undiminished confidence of the people in him, we learn also that when he preached his farewell sermon (though denied the use of all the churches), he had as large, if not a larger congregation than he ever addressed before, and the tears of many in his audience evinced their sympathy for his wrongs and their continued interest in his future welfare. Thus much for the accuracy of Mr. S.'s statement, and his character as a man of truth and a faithful Christian pastor."

PATRICK HENRY.—About 25 miles from here (Charlotte C. H., Va.) lies the grave of the illustrious Patrick Henry. It is situated about five hundred yards from the house in which he died, and which is now occupied by his son, John Henry. The chair on which he died is still in his possession, and is carefully preserved, with a few other relics of revolutionary times. The grave, strange to say, is much neglected, and not a little surprise is expressed that the State has thus far failed to raise some suitable monument over his grave, as has been done in the case of Madison. Mr. John Henry, the son of that illustrious patriot, is said to exhibit the greatest concern about that sacred spot, and to have done all that his means would justify in beautifying it. But whatever has been done amounts to nothing comparatively. There is no substantial memorial such as should adorn the grave of so great a man—nothing save what a few years will obliterate. It is probable that, had it not been for the solicitude manifested by his son, a trace of his resting-place would hardly be now visible. He makes his first visit to that sacred spot each morning, and, seating himself beside the simple mound which marks the grave, communes, as it were, with the spirit of his illustrious sire. I understand he has still an old negro servant who belonged to his father, and that he, too, betimes makes his way to the grave, and seats himself for hours beside it. The son, Mr. John Henry, is now over sixty years of age, probably seventy, but is still strong and healthy. In his conversations regarding the father, whom he invariably styles "my illustrious father," he evinces a degree of attachment to his memory which few, at such an age, would be supposed to entertain. He is said to be absorbed almost entirely in the contemplation of his noble career, and to have by heart all the great oratorical efforts which distinguished him. A grandson of his, a young gentleman of fine promise, as I understand, is engaged in the practice of law, in this village, but, judging by the appearance of things here, I should suppose the field for successful progress in that profession to be too contracted.—*Cor. Times.*

A RUNAWAY SLAVE CAPTURED.—A stout, hearty negro, who made his escape from slavery some six years ago, was not satisfied with letting "well enough alone," but must needs engage in running off the "property" of his late master at every opportunity. The gentleman, who lived in the vicinity of Lexington, had long suspected "Ben" of interfering with his goods and chattels, and last week, discovering certain suspicious movements in a house-servant, concluded that he was about to take passage on the "Underground Railroad." He, therefore, watched him closely, and found his suspicions were correct, and, calling in the aid of two or three friends, followed the negro in his flight, without arresting him, his object being to get hold of his old slave, who was causing him so much trouble. He was satisfied Ben would meet the fugitive on the Kentucky side of the river; and, sure enough, on Friday evening last, by keeping close watch on the fleeing negro, they were carried directly to where Ben lay in waiting for his passenger. Those in pursuit immediately pounced upon the old fugitive, leaving the new runaway to take care of himself. Ben fought with the desperation of a man who had once tasted the sweets of liberty, after having spent half a life in slavery, and it was not until he had been several times brought to the ground with a stick, and his head severely cut and bruised, that he yielded to his captors and allowed himself to be bound and conveyed to the Covington jail. A physician was called and the wounds on his head dressed, and on Saturday he was bound over to his former master, and carried back into slavery. Ben is not the only man who has got himself into trouble by trying to aid a friend.—*Cincinnati Gazette, Oct. 26.*

We gave yesterday morning an account of the arrest of a negro, calling himself Ben, who had escaped from slave, and his incarceration in Covington jail. We have since been assured that the negro, whose name is Benjamin Chelsom, was emancipated in 1840, by the will of his master, but that subsequently that provision of the will was set aside by the courts, but not until Chelsom had come to Ohio. Since the decision of the courts, the heirs have been anxious to again get the negro into their possession, and have resorted to various devices to accomplish their object, but had hitherto failed, until the evening in question, when, it is asserted, a free negro was employed to decoy him into a place where he was captured, though not until he had made a desperate fight for liberty, and was several times knocked down. Since his emancipation, Chelsom has lived most of the time in this city, and has been very cautious about being around the levee, for fear of being kidnapped and carried back into slavery, and the result shows that his fears were not without ground. He was sent from Covington jail to Mr. A. M. Robinson, Estil County, Kentucky.—*Ib., 27th.*

DIED.

MARSH.—In West Brandywine, Chester Co., Pa., on the 25th of Ninth mo., of dysentery, Taylor P. Marsh, aged 18 years. On the 2d of Tenth mo., of the same disease, Henry K. Marsh, in the eighth year of his age. They were the only children of Bennett and Dinah T. Marsh.

A deep feeling of sympathy has been awakened in the hearts of a large circle of friends for the stricken and bereaved parents thus left childless. The home was emphatically a home of love. The various reforms found a welcome at their hearthstone. These promising boys were never the subjects of coercive discipline, but yielded beautifully to the affectionate influences of parental solicitude.

Now that these lights have gone out of the house, and the home that was made glad by their presence seems desolate and forsaken, there is consolation mingled in the cup of bitterness in the reflection that they are "not lost, but gone before," into the life of unfading realities, where angels dwell and forever and ever approach nearer to the dear God whose tender mercies are over all his works.

"Think joyful of the dead,
As of sweet friends whose blissful harp-notes ring
In that fair clime where kindred souls are wed,
And heart to heart like lips of lovers cling.
Think joyfully, they breathe your names in prayer,
And wait, and long to bid you welcome there."

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *in account with* SARAH PUGH, *Treasurer.*

Dr.

To Cash paid Agents	$1,979 64
" American Anti-Slavery Society	2,150 00
" Books	402 79
" Rent of Office	350 00
" Sundries	405 64
" J. M. McKim, Loan	450 00
	$5,738 07
By Balance on hand	$ 11 00
" Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society	1,500 00
" Individual Subscriptions	2,028 16
" Publishing Agent	1,653 50
" Sales of Books	457 91
" Rent of Room	87 50
	$5,738 07

October 1, 1857. REUBEN TOMLINSON, Auditor.

Collections at the Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

Levi Coates,	$10 00	Jane Price,	$ 1 00
Alexander Dixon,	2 00	Eliza Agnew,	5 00
Mahlon B. Linton,	3 00	Sophia King,	75
John Valentine,	25	M. McFarland,	1 00
S. C. Hallowell,	50	Mary Taylor,	1 00
M. E. Hood,	1 00	R. B. Woodward,	50
C. Hood,	1 00	Wm. Webster,	1 00
J. Hood,	1 00	Joseph Moore,	5 00
W. Speakman,	1 00	Mary Lightfoot,	2 00
C. Jones,	1 00	S. Dixon,	1 00
James Painter,	10 00	Isaac Flint,	5 00
Moses Hepburn,	50	George Atkinson,	5 00
Henry Speace,	25	M. A. Lewis,	1 00
C. Darlington,	10 00	M. S. Buckman,	2 00
H. M. Dar

Miscellaneous Department.

THE SNOW EXPRESS.

Many years ago, while a subaltern, I was stationed at Blockhouse Point, at the mouth of the Green Snake River, on the north side of Lake Huron. This now dilapidated stronghold was originally erected, on a sandy point stretching out into the lake, in the days of the Indian wars, and I could fancy its slender garrison of sharpshooters watching from their loopholes the clustering forms of their Indian foes as they stole along the borders of the forest. The bullet-holes that riddled its massive walls, and its charred and blackened surface, suggested grim conjectures respecting its brave defenders who filled the graves around its foot.

But now there were no Indians to employ the leisure of the unfortunate company of regular troops, that grumbled away their days within the humble fortification that now surrounded the old blockhouse. Our only enemies were bears and foxes which skulked about the woods, and the only Indians who sought admission to the post were those from a little village about seven miles up the Green Snake River, where a peaceable party of Ojibbeways had taken up their abode.

In this dot in the wilderness, I and two brother officers lived the lives of anchorites, only less contented, and by no means forgetting the world by which we seemed very nearly forgotten. Not but what letters reached us—sometimes—during the summer, by an occasional schooner coming up along the lakes. It was during the other half of the year, when the lakes were bound by the universal fetter of ice, that we lived in unblissful ignorance. Twice, however, during each long, long winter, great excitement prevailed at Blockhouse Point. It was when Indians, travelling over the snow on snowshoes, were expected to arrive with the "express." Day after day we used to walk for miles, hoping to meet our bronze Mercuries; and, when at length they came in sight, with what trembling hearts we returned to the post, to await the opening of their sealed wallets by the proper authority, in ignorance of what tidings "the mail" might contain for us!

On one occasion the news I got was sad enough. My dearest friend was to be tried by court-martial on a serious charge. He had not written to me himself, but a mutual friend informed me that, before another month was past, Lowther's fate would be sealed; and this month's delay had only occurred in consequence of an important witness being required from the lower province. I saw at once that it was in my power to disprove the gravest part of the charge, although Lowther did not know it. Yet, before the spring should come and the lakes be open to enable me to reach head-quarters, the trial would be over, and my friend, in all probability, condemned.

The dreadful thought that he might be sacrificed for the want of my testimony haunted me. I could not sleep that night. Many plans disturbed my mind. Could I not write my statement, and send it by an Indian express? Undoubtedly I could. But, when I came to count, I found it would not arrive in time, unless some one was ever at hand to hurry the messengers on. Why should not I be of the express party? I was young, strong, active, and accustomed to exertion. Surely, what Indians could do, I could do. There was not an hour to be lost. At daylight I obtained leave from my commanding officer—a mere matter of form—for both he and my junior heartily rejoiced at the prospect of Lowther's acquittal. Two Indians were quickly obtained, and everything was made ready for departure in a few hours.

We were a strange looking party. Our object being speed, each carried his own traps, and as few of them as possible. I was clad in a beaver coat and fur cap. My kit consisted of a blanket, a bearskin, and a wallet to hold provisions. The two Indians, who were brothers, were similarly equipped. With rifles ready loaded for any game that might present itself, and snow-shoes on our feet, we set out.

In case we succeeded in getting to headquarters at the time appointed, a gratuity had been promised to the Indians (which I resolved to give, whether won or not), and they unmurmuringly pressed on, nearly the whole day, on their cumbrous snow-shoes, scarcely giving themselves time to cook the game we killed: then, shouldering their packs, and starting off again. They endeavoured to beguile the weariness of the way by lively sallies, at which they laughed till the silent woods rang with their merriment. Chingoos (the ermine), the younger brother, was the most joyous as well as most active of us all; and, however wearied he might be when we stopped for the night, he laughed and jested as he cut with his tomahawk the evergreens which were to form our not uncomfortable shelter, and be strewn beneath the bearskins on which we slept. Shegashie (the cray-fish) was our cook and firemaker; and the rapid way in which he heaped on scores of dry branches, and raised a blazing pile above the snow, always excited my admiration.

When we had accomplished nearly half our journey, we had not overstepped the time we allowed ourselves; but the continuous exertion was beginning to affect our limbs, and the perpetual glare of the sun on the snow inflamed our eyes. This we found by far the greater hardship of the two. I shall never forget the joy we felt, one morning, when the sun remained hidden beneath the heavy cloud-banks in the east. Almost forgetting our swollen limbs in the gladness of being delivered from his dazzling rays, we travelled merrily on through leafless forests of gigantic trees; through tracts of smaller trees, thickly studded with the larch, the spruce, and the fir, whose dark foliage gloomed almost black against the stainless snow; through woods tangled with wild vines, and fragrant with juniper bushes, until at length we reached the shores of a small frozen lake.

Once more we rejoiced that the day was dim; for, in crossing lakes and rivers, we always suffered most, being deprived of the network of branches, which yielded us a shade; sometimes almost impenetrable. But our exultation was short-lived. An exclamation of disappointment burst from the Indians, and, looking up, I saw a few large snow-flakes floating slowly through the air.

"Let us put off our snow-shoes," said Shegashie; "we must halt here."

"Why?"

"Because the snow will blind our eyes to the path."

The path, however, was an Indian figure of speech. We were travelling through an untrodden wilderness, guided from point to point by some rock, or bank, or quaintly formed tree. But these objects dwell vividly in the Indians' recollection. They had travelled this road twice before; and whatever an Indian once sees remains imprinted in his memory forever.

At Shegashie's announcement I looked over the lake longingly. I could not bear to lose an hour, far less a day; and I said that perhaps we might get across before the violence of the snow-storm came on. My guides shook their heads. However, after a time, they agreed to make the attempt.

Accordingly, off we started across the lake, the snow-flakes floating and playing lazily around us; and, more than once, we congratulated ourselves that their appearance had not deterred us. But, when we had got about half-way across, the snow-storm came dashing down in our faces with a fierce gust that almost threw us off our feet. Staggered and breathless, we stopped. Near as the brothers were, I could see no more than the outlines of their dark forms through the thick curtain of snow which fell between us; while nothing was visible beyond but dazzling snow-flakes tumbling, whirling and rushing down to overwhelm us.

"We must," cried Shegashie, "keep the wind in our faces, or we shall never reach the shore."

He at once led the way, his brother and I following, and with difficulty distinguishing him as he shuffled heavily on before us. Already the weight of snow upon our snow-shoes impeded us greatly, and it increased each moment, until we could scarcely drag them along. The snow blew in our faces, sharp as icicles, whirling past us in wild eddies, almost beating us down. As the storm increased, the wind, which had hitherto blown steadily in our faces, began to waver, and to dash the snow down upon us in every direction. It was impossible to go on.

The last faint lingering shadow of a hope passed away, and we felt there was nothing left but to die. Once or twice I wondered I did not feel the torpor, which is the precursor of death among the snow, steal over my senses; but we determined not to die inactive, and the violence of my exertions heated me to such a degree, that more than once I found myself wiping the moisture from my brow, as I fought the hopeless battle against the whirlwind.

That I am alive to write this is a proof of the unslumbering Providence watching over all; for there was no earthly hope for us, when an unseen hand guided us to safety. How we reached the shores none of us ever knew; but, at length, still battling against the blinding snow, Shegashie's snow-shoes struck against a tree. Close behind it was a thicket of dwarf firs, and we shrank into its shelter—saved for the time.

For hours the snow continued to fall, as if inexhaustible; at length, however, it ceased, and the setting sun shone out in the western sky, red and angrily. The Indians said that another snowstorm was at hand. So we set about making the best preparations we could for the night. Our friendly thicket was no bad shelter, and Chingoose and I set to work with our tomahawks to cut away the branches, until the place somewhat resembled a bower; then shaking the cut branches free from snow, we laid them up in soft piles to sleep upon. Meantime Shegashie busied himself in making a fire and collecting fuel. We were short of food; for, during the last day or two, game had been unusually scarce. But we had sufficient for the night, and hoped to obtain more on the morrow; Shegashie having set several snares round our camp for the small Arctic hares which abound in those forests.

Soon after dark the snow recommenced; and, although we were unusually well sheltered, I never felt cold so intense as I did that night. I have rarely felt more rejoiced than I did when I saw the early dawn steal over the landscape, and was able to rise from my freezing couch and waken my companions, who rose looking as comfortless as myself: especially Chingoos, who trembled as if he had an ague fit. But a little hot coffee revived him.

Shegashie went to inspect his snares; and, to his great disappointment, he found that they had not been disturbed; so there was nothing for it but to start afresh without breakfast. Just as we had tried on our snow-shoes, a few flakes of snow, like tiny birds, came floating between us and the clear blue sky. They were true harbingers; and, within a few minutes, the clouds began to gather and the snow to darken the atmosphere. Warned by the past day's experience, we remained in our camp. Hour after hour the snow poured down in driving masses; but we were sheltered from its fury. We had fire, and the snow settling on the roof and sides of our bower made it warm; so we felt that we had more cause to be thankful than to complain, though we were compelled to fast.

Before long, Chingoos's indisposition of the morning returned; and, as day wore on, he continued to get worse; until, by evening, it was quite evident that he was in the first stage of a fever. We did the best we could for him, by giving him hot coffee and such other trifling comforts as our slender stock afforded.

The next morning broke bright and beautiful; but it was at once evident that poor Chingoos could not travel that day. The fever increased, and the ague so shook him that it was with the greatest difficulty he could take the coffee from our hands. The snares were still empty, and this day also was passed without food.

On the third morning, Chingoos was still worse. No game had been snared or shot, and hunger-pangs were becoming very fierce. We were so weak that we could scarcely creep. About mid-day a hare came leaping by, through the snow. I shot it, and we dressed it immediately. To this day I think that that was the sweetest meal I ever tasted. We made a part of the hare into soup for our poor patient; but he was unable to take it—to our surprise, for it seemed to us delicious beyond expression.

From that day we never wanted food, and were able to give all our thoughts and anxieties to Chingoos, whose last hour was evidently drawing near. He held out his hand to his brother, and Shegashie, forgetting the stoical demeanour of his race which he had tried hard to maintain, burst into tears as he folded it in his bosom. When he released it, it fell cold and stiffened upon the snow.

Shegashie did not speak for hours, but wept incessantly. The earth was frozen too hard to admit of our digging a grave. We were therefore compelled to lay the lifeless Indian deep in the snow in a shady place, until his brother could return in the spring to bury him.

On the following morning we resumed our journey; but it had now become a melancholy pilgrimage. The day seemed long and dreary without the joyous youth, whose lively jests and ringing laughter had echoed among the old trees. Towards evening, for the first time in all our travels, we came on the signs of a human being. The broad trail of a pair of snow-shoes preceded us along the course we had to follow.

My guide, judging by the tracks, announced the wearer to be an Indian, and not one of the white hunters who are sometimes to be met in these forests. He was right. The wearer of the gaily trimmed hunting-shirt whom we overtook about two hours after with his dirty blanket, rifle, tomahawk, and knife, his arms covered with bracelets, and bunches of ear-rings weighing down the lobes of the ears, fully attested the accuracy of Shegashie's foreknowledge.

The Indians greeted each other with grave courtesy, and the same polite reception was extended to me. But, in spite of all their gravity, I fancied I perceived a gleam of joy in the wild eyes of the stranger. No wonder, poor fellow! I thought. Perhaps he has passed the whole winter without looking on one human face. He belonged to a party of Indians living far to the north of Green Snake River, and his dialect was a great trial to my Indian erudition.

As his path for the next day or two would be the same as ours, the stranger proposed to join us. Though I must confess that the sight of his blanket, caked with filth, made me feel a repugnance to his company, yet I was too prudent to object; and afterwards, when we stopped for the night, and I found that, leaving the fire-making to Shegashie, he was content to bustle about to collect fuel, and to assist me in forming our night's shelter, I felt more charity towards him, and was more resigned to his raising his pile of branches near my own.

As we sat, that evening, round our camp fire, I had a better opportunity of observing our new acquaintance. He was a tall, finely formed Indian, and more muscular than I had ever seen any of his race. Moreover, there was an unusual fierceness in his demeanour and a strange fire gleamed from his eye. He took the tobacco we gave him with great pleasure, but he was disappointed that our fire-water was all expended. However, he did not let that damp his spirits; but talked on with more than Indian volubility. Shegashie's stock of news, for which he asked, was soon exhausted. Poor fellow! he had little heart to talk of anything except his beloved brother, to whose story the stranger listened with a contracted brow; but with few indications of sympathy. In his turn, he treated Shegashie to a number of amazing and horrible stories which were current in the woods.

I lost the gist of many of these through not being able clearly to comprehend his language. But there was one I understood somewhat better than the others; it was concerning a very fierce Indian called Mamiskogahjhe (Great red-nailed Bear), who came from far beyond the Great Lake (Superior), and who, on his return home from a hunting expedition, had found his squaw and children the prey of a band of cannibal Indians. Enraged at the sight, this hero fell upon them single-handed, and took the scalps of all except one. That one had fled; and, ever since, Mamiskogahjhe had prowled through the woods, gnashing his teeth and seeking him everywhere. The missing Indian had shrouded himself in every sort of disguise, "But all to no purpose," said the stranger savagely, "for Mamiskogahjhe slays every Indian he meets, so that that villain must fall beneath his knife at last."

When I had got over the novelty of the stranger's excited manner and gleaming eye, I became somewhat weary of this Indian hyperbole; but Shegashie listened to every word with breathless attention. I was lounging beside the fire, more asleep than awake, when I was aroused by the stranger abruptly demanding of my guide if he had ever seen this redoubtable brave, the great red-nailed bear: to which the young Indian replied in the negative.

"Liar!" thundered the savage, springing to his feet. "I am Mamiskogahjhe!" and in a moment he stabbed my companion in the chest.

I sprang upon him in an instant, and seized his right arm; which, by a violent effort, he succeeded in disengaging. He aimed a deadly blow at me with his knife, but I evaded it, and drew my own. With a yell at his disappointment, he began to draw his tomahawk from his belt with the view of hurling it at my head; but I darted upon him, pinioning his arms. His feet gave way, and we both rolled together on the snow. A struggle for life between us succeeded. The Indian kept making little digs at me with his knife, but he could not get purchase enough to do more than penetrate my clothes and inflict slight wounds upon me. He rolled over with me, hoping to get me undermost; but I always rolled farther than he wished, and got on the upper side again. At length I lost patience; and, still holding his right arm tightly down, I loosened the hand which held my knife. But, quick as thought, Mamiskogahjhe changed his knife into his left hand also. Then commenced another rolling and tearing struggle, more like that of tigers than of men, for my foe assailed me fiercely with his teeth. We stabbed at each other wildly, and many a wound I gave and received. At length the Indian relaxed his hold, fell back, and I arose victorious.

My first thought, now, after a fervent prayer for my deliverance, was for my poor guide. I found that, though desperately wounded and bleeding profusely, he was not dead. I bound up his wounds as I best could, and placed him on his bed. My own wounds, though numerous, were marvellously slight; more cuts than stabs, and even those my thick clothing had prevented from doing much damage. I dressed them, and, heaping more wood on the fire, sank down beside it to watch my poor Shegashie.

The next morning Shegashie was so weak from loss of blood that each moment I expected to see him pass away, and leave me alone in the woods, to die in my turn. I now bitterly regretted that I had ever entered on this disastrous enterprise. However, there I was, and I had nothing for it but to make the best of it; so I set to work, buried my dead enemy in a snow bank, collected wood, shot a hare, dressed it, and returned to my sad task of watching my wounded guide.

At the end of ten days, despite every adverse circumstance, Shegashie was a great deal better; yet it was evident to both of us that it would be a long time before he could travel. The poor fellow earnestly entreated me not to stay with him, but to leave him to his fate; and he directed me in the right way to pursue my journey. I would not have deserted an enemy thus, much less one with whom I had faced sorrow, danger, and death. Yet powder and shot were rapidly failing. After much cogitation, I took all the spare snow shoes, and, by the aid of a bearskin, succeeded in making a sleigh capable of holding Shegashie very comfortably, as well as all our belongings. I rose proudly the next morning; and, placing my companion in the sleigh, recommenced my journey.

It was weary work to drag that clumsy sleigh, the wasted Indian looking out now and then to direct me on our way. I was often obliged to make long detours to avoid thickets and places where the trees grew too close to admit my sleigh between them. When day was done, I had the fuel to collect, the fire to make, shelter to prepare, Shegashie to move, his wounds to dress, and then the game to cook which I had killed during the day. Many a time I thought I should be obliged to give up the struggle. When I lay down to rest I was sometimes so tired that I could not have resisted another Mamiskogahjhe, had he come to end the work the first one had begun; and, when morning reappeared, I recommenced my tugging and dragging with arms so weary, that I did not care if another snow-storm came and sent us to sleep till the great day of awakening.

Neither Indian nor snow-storm came, and I was compelled to go on from day to day enacting by turns the parts of horse, forager, firemaker, cook, builder, and nurse. At length I became so exhausted, that one morning, though it was scarcely mid-day, I began to look about me for a suitable place to encamp for the remainder of the day and night: hoping, after such a rest, to start fresher on the following morning. Suddenly, a thin column of smoke, ascending from the trees at a short distance, caught my eye; and, turning off from our route, I made the best of my way towards it. It rose from the hut of a newly-arrived settler. The man gave us a hearty welcome, and we slept beneath a roof, for the first time for considerably more than a month. The next day he put his horse to his wood-train; and, in two days more, brought us to head-quarters—less, I believe, for the reward I promised than from pity for our worn and miserable condition.

The time appointed for the trial was now nearly three weeks past, and I did not doubt that it was over. But the severe illness of the accused had again deferred it. The proceedings were only now coming to a close. So far, they left on the minds of all who witnessed them but one impression—that my poor friend's military career was ended. Suddenly I entered the court, attired in worn-out rags, my face haggard, my eyes inflamed, my swollen feet hobbling awkwardly on the floor.

Order restored, my testimony was received with the greatest attention; and Lowther was acquitted with honour.

Poor Shegashie! When the spring came, he left me, and returned by a schooner to Green Snake River; whence, accompanied by his relatives, he travelled down to the scene of his only brother's death. They dug a deep grave for Chingoos, and laid him in it on the spot where his life had departed. But Shegashie never more returned to his native village. Parting from his relatives at the grave, he returned to me, and remained with me—a gentle, unobtrusive, faithful friend—until consumption, the bane of his race, took him from me a few years ago.
—*Household Words.*

THE WOLVES ON THE TRACK.

Lost in her own thoughts, Ella had little heeded a noise which was heard from time to time, and which she fancied the fall of avalanches from crag to crag in the mountains. But now all on a sudden she remarked that her father had several times turned his head to look back, and that his face wore a troubled expression. "What is it, father?" she asked; "is there anything the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," he answered, in a short, stern manner not at all usual to him—"I hope nothing"; and then murmured to himself, in a lower tone, 'God grant it may be nothing."

Her uneasiness by no means lessened, but, understanding he did not wish to be questioned, she remained silent, but with her attention on the alert to discover the cause for anxiety. The dull noise in the rear certainly increased, and was heard at fitful intervals, now almost swelling into a note, then dying away, and was decidedly nearer than when first she had remarked it. The horses, too, seemed by some wonderful instinct to partake her father's uneasiness. Just then the noise began afresh, and now an unmistakable howl sent a flash of certainty into her mind. Unable longer to bear the suspense, she half rose, and gasped out, "O, father, is it—is it the wolves?"

"They are a long way behind," said Andreas; "we shall reach home well, never fear."

But the farmer's face contradicted his cheerful words, and, with a sinking of heart as if its action had been stopped, and then a tumultuous rush of blood through her veins, Ella sank back on her seat. It was a fearful revulsion of feeling to be thus suddenly torn from a state of dreamy reverie, and brought face to face with a great danger. The fainting sensation was over directly, and, closing her eyes for a moment and murmuring a heartfelt prayer, her natural courage returned. Ella had till then only seen dead wolves, the trophies of the chase, and once or twice one securely muzzled on its way to some foreign menagerie; but too many dreadful wolf-stories are current round Norwegian hearths in the winter for her not to divine the greatness of the peril, and she tried to calculate their probable distance from home, and the chances of escape.

Frau Ingeborg next heard the howl, and asked the same terrified question as her daughter. "O God, my poor children!" was her only exclamation; and then she, too, was calm and still. Nearer, nearer is the howling—faster go the terrified horses; their instinct has told them the danger. Ella gently disengages herself from the sleeping Olaf, and, unbidden, gets out the rifle and powder-flask, and in silence looks to the loading. Andreas's eye falls on her; he is even at that moment pleased to see the fruit of the training he has given his child, in her pale, composed face and steady hand, like a brave Norse maiden as she was. Her eyes are now strained to look back as far as she can. Ere long, on the brow of a hill they have descended, she sees a black moving mass against the sky. "I see them, father, but they are far off yet."

A groan escapes from Andreas. "God help us, then!" he mutters. Wife and daughter read his face, and from their hearts, too, goes up that agonized prayer. Ah! well may they pray it. On come the pack, some half-hundred gaunt, hungry wolves, their dismal howl freezing the life-blood of the Jansens. The horses bound onwards with red nostrils and panting sides; they go like the wind, but the distance is steadily diminished. And the howl of the wolves sounds like a mocking demon cry, "Ha, ha! ye go fast, we faster; ye are few, we are many; it is our turn now; ye are the hunted, we the hunters. Ha, ha! how like ye the change?"

"Would it not be possible," said Ella, "to take refuge in one of these chalets? Could we not barricade ourselves there?"

"It would be only quicker death; the wolves would soon force the door: there would be no fastenings of sufficient strength to resist them."

They looked above, around—neither help nor hope was to be seen; the pitiless earth was wrapped in one vast winding sheet of snow, and the cold glancing lights in the sky revealed only too clearly their desperate condition. A cold damp stands on the farmer's brow; still he guides his horses with firm hand, speaks encouragingly to them, and though he, knowing the peril best, has given up hope first, he relaxes no effort. It was hard, in the flush of manhood, the prime of life, with the blood coursing through every vein in strength and power, to have nothing to do but die. As he looked at his dear ones, he thought, were these but safe, death would not be so fearful; and then the image of the pleasant home at Ravensdol rose up before him, and to leave all this, to die and leave no name, no heir behind him, it was hard! Was it not a triumph of Christian faith that he, thus circumstanced, could bow his head meekly and say, "Thy will be done?" Dame Ingeborg said nothing, but her tears fell fast over the nestling Raoul she was straining to her heart; and as the child started at the noise, she hushed him off to sleep as carefully as if he had been in his little bed at home, thankful that one at least of her darlings was spared the anguish of this valley of the shadow of death. And yet to her arose a ray of light, a gleam of happiness, as she thought that she and all her dear ones would cross the river of death at the same time; no widowhood, no orphanage, no childlessness—the parting of a moment, and then the eternal reunion in bliss. Olaf, roused by his sister's rising, had awoke, and, seeing the wolves, had burst out into terrified crying; but when Ella gently bade him pray to God and try and be a brave boy, he caught the infection of her calmness. Swallowing his tears, he knelt on the seat, and, hiding his face in the fur wraps, that he might not see the objects of his dread, he manfully tried to stifle his sobs, and repeated over and over again his simple prayer, "O Lord Jesus, please drive away these dreadful wolves, and let us all get safe home." Of all, Ella was the happiest, for one great comfort was hers, her best-beloved was safe, and, as she thought, with a thrill of joy that seemed strange at such an instant, through an act of self-denial to which she had urged him, and which God was blessing by his deliverance. The wolves were gaining fast; they could distinguish the fiery eyes, the red tongues hanging out. Ella, as she saw one in advance, quite close to them, cried out, "Father, father! the rifle."

"Then take the reins an instant," said he, as he took the weapon from her hand. Ella obeyed, the horses wanted little guidance, and the wolf fell dead beneath her father's sure aim. There was a stop of the whole pack, and the Jansens almost dared to hope. Andreas's face was gloomy as before. "Only a check," murmured he; "they are mad with hunger. The one I have killed will be devoured, and then——"

His words were verified; in five minutes' time they again heard the baying of the pack, and they were soon in sight, their appetite whetted by the taste of blood, on, on, with increased ardour for the chase. Again was one shot down—again occurred the temporary lull, and then afresh began that ghastly hunt.

"There is but one charge more, father," said Ella.

"We will save it as long as we can," was Andreas's reply. And his voice was hoarse and husky. . . . .

"By-the by, I heard some unpleasant news at the farm I was at yesterday. They say a large pack of wolves has come down from the fields to the northward; the early and severe winter this season is supposed to have driven them down. Some hunters out on a bear-chase, a few days back, had a very narrow escape; they report the wolves as going to the south."

"I hope not," said Hugo; "they had heard nothing about it at Ravensdal, no more had I, but then I came from the contrary direction. I hope not, though I should like it above everything if we could muster a strong party and have a good hunt; but wolves are fearful foes to meet unprepared."

Undefined apprehensions he could not shake off filled the young man's mind, and, after trying to talk of other things, he came back to the wolves, and to speculations as to their position and movements. So time sped on, and he paced up and down with a growing uneasiness he in vain told himself was ungrounded and absurd, and he longed for the return of the sleigh to terminate these secret fears. Eric had been listening intently for some minutes, and all at once exclaimed, "There, now, I hear a howl."

Hugo threw himself on the snow to hear better, and ere long the same sound.

"I fear—I fear it is so; it is far off, but oh, in the same direction they have taken."

After some moments of intense attention, both men satisfied themselves that it was not the howl of a solitary wolf, and that it was steadily advancing.

"Oh, tell me what can we do," cried Hugo; it is on the track which leads from the town, just the time when they would be on the road. My poor Ella, what can I do?"

"Unarmed as we are, it is only by remaining here we can be of any service, and this is a position we can easily defend. With that amount of firewood at our back, I would defy an army of wolves. Look! the chalet stands in a recess of rock; from point to point we can make a rampart of fire." So saying, he began to arrange fagots in a line from one point of rock to the other, leaving an open space in the centre. "I think with you, young man, that your friends are on their road, and that the wolves are pursuing them, else we should not hear that continuous howling nearer and nearer. I am leaving this space for the sledge to pass; the wolves would never dare to attempt to follow through such a wall of flame as we can raise."

"Hist! I hear the gallop of horse," said Hugo, kneeling on the snow.

"Then set fire to our barrier; it may be a beacon to them, and show them where we are."

This was soon done, and the bright pine-wood flame was ere long streaming into the sky.

"Now," said Eric, "get more fagots ready, for you and I must be prepared to close up the passage immediately the sleigh is safe."

"But the horses," said Hugo, "will they pass between two such fires as we have here?"

"No fear; they are terrified enough to leap over a precipice if it came in their way—anything, everything—to escape those that are after them."

A few minutes passed in breathless suspense, during which the noise of horses and wolves became louder and louder.

"Ah! there they are," cried Hugo, "and the whole pack close behind. They see us; Andreas is flogging the horses. O God! there is a great wolf close upon them—oh, I would give ten years of my life for a rifle for one instant. Andreas dares not leave the reins. Ella is standing up; she has the rifle. Good Heavens! the wolf will spring at her. No, she has fired—shot him down—my brave Ella, my own dear girl!"

Another second and the sledge was in the haven of refuge provided by the forethought of the pedler, safe from the ruthless wolves, behind the barrier of flame.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

A PARISIAN LITTERATEUR.

The voluminous autobiography of Alexandre Dumas is in many respects a very noticeable work, but in none more so than in the minuteness of detail with which it depicts the career of a Parisian litterateur. If this detail were unmixed with extraneous matter, it would be all the more acceptable. Dumas has been the contemporary of many remarkable literary men and artists—with all of them he has been personally acquainted; with many he has lived on terms of intimacy; and if he had chosen to confine within reasonable limits an account of his relations with these men, his impressions of their works, with the anecdotes and information current in the literary, artistic, musical and theatrical circles of Paris from the death of Louis XVIII. to the revolution of 1848—when the break-up took place—he would have produced a book not only amusing to his contemporaries at home, and instructive to the public of Europe at large, but a valuable contribution to social history.

Instead of confining himself to this, Alexandre Dumas has been seized with the unfortunate idea of incorporating in his personal memoirs the general political and diplomatic history of Europe, which we have already had in newspapers and blue-books, and which we are in course of having crystallized in the works of those professed historians whose business is politics, and who employ their leisure on subjects within their speciality. Nothing more dreary than the political history of M. Alexandre Dumas, dramatised with its startling points and dénouements; it is like reading his own *Louis XIV.* after laying down Mezeray, or possessing a coupon of Royal British Bank Stock compared with one of the Bank of England; but in the other part of his work we feel that he stands on his own ground, and that he is there indeed a master. Like an oasis after a desert journey, nothing can be more agreeable than to go out of the hazy sandy atmosphere of politics to the verdant regions of art. A new poem of Hugo, a rehearsal at the Porte St. Martin or the Odéon, a squabble with the critics, a soirée of artists; all such form the pleasant parts of the book.

The life of Alexandre Dumas commenced with the century; his father, whom he lost early, had rapidly risen to the rank of lieutenant-general in the republican armies; and we find, in the early part of the son's career, a meritorious struggle on the part of both widow and orphan to make ends meet. At length the ardent genius of the son, impatient of a residence in a provincial town, invited him to try his fortunes in Paris, the mother having been compelled to sell her house and farm. His first impulse was to look up to the friends of his father—Marshal Victor, Duke of Belluno; Marshal Jourdan; and Marshal, then General, Sebastiani. He was admitted to Marshal Jourdan, who imagined that the father whom he had believed dead was paying him a visit. But he had never heard that he had a son; and, in spite of all that young Dumas could say, he was dismissed in a few minutes, without the marshal being satisfied of his identity, or disposed to commence acquaintance. But he was more successful than General Foy, the French historian of the Peninsular war, and the most impressive of the orators of the opposition in 1823. General Foy lived in the Rue Mont Blanc, and Dumas found him working at his Spanish military history. He wrote standing at one of those tables that may be raised or lowered at will. All around him, on chairs and sofas, was a heterogeneous mass of printer's proofs, maps, books, and newspapers. The general himself was a man of fifty, thin, small, with his hair growing gray, a brow like the hemisphere of a cannon-ball, an aquiline nose, and a bilious complexion. He carried his head erect, his language was brief, and his gesticulation imperious.

"Ah!" said he, "are you the son of the General Dumas who was in the army of the Alps?" to which an affirmative answer was given, with the presentation of a letter of introduction. "But before I can be of use to you," said the general, "I must first know what you are good for. Do you know anything of mathematics?—algebra? geometry?—natural philosophy?—Latin?—Greek?—or book-keeping?" To each of these interrogatories, enounced slowly by the general, a negative answer was given—the face of the aspirant youth reddening into the deepest scarlet, and the perspiration dropping from his brow. At last the general asked for his address, with some commiseration; but scarcely had he written his name, when the general said: "We are saved! You have a beautiful hand-writing." Dumas was not delighted in having a copying clerkship pointed out for his destination; but General Foy continued, saying: "I dine to-day at the Palais Royal; I will speak of you to the Duke of Orleans, and see if it is not possible to get you into his office."

A petition was written out by the future dramatic poet. The leader of the opposition—dining with the future king of the French, in the palace built by Richelieu—spoke of the son of the republican general; and the end of it was the appointment of Alexandre Dumas to a place of £48 a year, in the office of the Duke of Orleans: for his property was so vast as to require a formal administration, like a small government department. Here the dramatist passed the first years of his residence in Paris, working during the day on the details of the forest cuttings of Villars-Cotterets, or the rents of the Palais Royal; and at night visiting the theatres, reading translations of Schiller and Shakspeare, and casting about for the materials of a drama of his own.

We have no space for the many droll stories which he gives of this period of his life—one of the best of which is his account of a first visit to a theatre, when he paid for a place in the *queue*, and, being obstreperous upon having to pay at the bureau again, was turned out of the theatre. At this period, Dumas made the acquaintance of Frédéric Soulie, and he gives his opinion of this remarkable but unequal genius: he considers that Soulié had something obscure in his brain; his thoughts being like the world, lighted only on one side, the antipodes of the illuminated side being plunged in darkness; and that, notwithstanding the scenes of extraordinary power he has produced, he never knew how to begin or end a drama or a romance. Soulié began timidly, and exposed his action painfully, so that his fine scenes were arrived at after a disagreeable apprenticeship of the reader's or spectator's patience. He lived on a small pension which his father allowed him, in a modest apartment in the Rue de Provence, among the furniture of which was a piano, on which he used to play. Afterwards he became a man of business, engaged in a mechanical sawing establishment, and died some years ago, well off, his time divided between Apollo and Mercury.

The theatrical experiences of Dumas are the clearest portions of the memoirs. Talma was still on the stage, and its acknowledged monarch; Mademoiselle Mars was at the height of her reputation and power. We have all the quarrels of the old classical authors with the rising dramatists of the new school, who were declared to be not "sons of France, but bastards of England and Germany." As for Dumas' collaborations and plagiarisms, we have his share in the former stiffly argued, and the latter freely confessed. Our deliberate opinion—after having seen represented or having read his best works, as well as learned the opinion entertained of him by his Parisian colleagues—is that he is a man of most marvellous powers of invention, of great fertility of resource, of great skill in the construction of dramas, and of great capacity for labour, in addition to natural gayety of style and facility of production. He has not the high poetry of Lamartine or Hugo; but even if he had had no collaboration, he is still the man to have outstripped all others in abundance of effective dramas. His misfortune has been habits of prodigality, which have injured his personal fortunes and literary reputation. From the first he showed great powers of construction and animated dialogue—the one the body, the other the soul of the drama—but unfortunately this necessity for the requisites of a profuse hospitality has compelled him, first of all, to involve himself in an extensive collaboration, and at last to lend his highly popular name to many works in which he had no hand whatever. He began with works of genius; he continued by the rearrangement of the raw materials of others with masterly skill; and at last arrived at such habits of labour as to be able to work from ten to fourteen hours a day, year after year. If we add to these enormous labours the number of works to which he lent his name without contributing a thought, his princely revenue and prodigal luxury cease to be a marvel.

Talma was the most important of his early theatrical acquaintances. This distinguished artist was born at Paris in 1766. His father was many years a celebrated dentist in London, who had among his patients the Prince of Wales, subsequently George IV.; and the *début* of the son was in 1787. From that time he retained undivided possession of the Paris stage. Talma had the four great qualities of an actor—person, expression of countenance, voice, and intellectual capacity. Without being what the French call *un homme d'esprit* of an acute and lively conversation, he had great erudition in relation to his profession. When he was on the point of creating a part, he grudged no historical research that might throw light on the character, the transaction or the nature of the epoch. In short, like our own Garrick, he appears to have been superior to all his predecessors and successors.

In high comedy, Mademoiselle Mars seems to have attained the same elevation. Dumas pronounces her to be an honest woman, severely exact in the fulfilment of all her agreements, and as punctual at rehearsals as a post-office clerk at his bureau. "I beg pardon," said she on the single occasion of her having been absent for a quarter of an hour; "but I have just lost forty thousand francs. Vite commençons!"

After many discussions, Dumas got his play of *Henri III.* accepted at the Théâtre Français; but his entrance into the temple of Thespis proved to be his exit from the service of the Duke of Orleans. M. de Broval, the director-general of the affairs of the Duke of Orleans, gave Dumas politely to understand that literature and bureaucracy were two enemies who could not live together, and that he must choose between them.

"I understand," said the poet, "that if I pursue my vocation of man of letters, I am dismissed."

"Yes," said the baron—whom the author, with a grudge, described as being a baron with a large red nose, and one shoulder higher than another.

"Then I decide for the career of letters," rejoined the poet.

"And how will you support your mother?" said the baron.

"O, that is my affair," added Dumas. And thus his independent career commenced.

But although no longer serving the Duke of Orleans in an economical capacity, he was by no means unwilling to have him for a literary patron. He therefore determined to ask him to be present at a representation of his piece. The future Louis Philippe was a handsome man of fifty at that time, not so very fat as he subsequently became, with a lively, intelligent countenance, and affable manners, but which never went so far as to allow people to forget his rank, except when he had to do with some very vain member of the *bourgeoisie*, and had a point to gain. His voice was agreeable in speaking, but he had a habit in his familiar moments of humming mass-music with a false intonation.

"Ah, Monsieur Dumas," said the Duke of Orleans, "what good wind brings you here?"

"My desire that your royal highness should be present at the first representation of *Henri III.*"

"That is impossible," said the duke, "for I have to-morrow twenty or thirty people to dine with me."

"Ah, that is easily arranged," said the indefatigable Dumas. "I can delay the commencement of the play for an hour, by an arrangement with the manager, and, if your highness can advance your dinner for an hour, my object is gained."

The duke consented. The proposed arrangement was entered into by the manager of the theatre; and on the evening of the performance, Dumas was congratulated in a letter from the baron with the red nose and the hump shoulder. But after a day or two, the play was forbidden, under the pretext that it was a covert allusion to Charles X. and the Duke of Orleans. However, the prohibition was removed, and the Duke of Orleans, calling Dumas into his box, said:

"You have nearly brought me into a scrape. The king sent for me yesterday saying I am told there is a young man in your bureaux who has represented me as the Duke of Guise."

"Your highness," said Dumas, "could answer that this young man was no longer in your bureaux."

"No," said the Duke of Orleans; "I preferred another answer, for I retain you in my service. 'Sire,' said I, 'you are mistaken; for I do not beat my wife; the Duchess of Orleans is not unfaithful to me, and your majesty has not a more faithful subject than myself.'" He then added: "Come to the Palais Royal to-morrow morning; the Duchess of Orleans wishes to see you." In short, *Henri III.* laid the foundation of Dumas' literary fortunes by a signal success.

Thus launched into the world of Paris society, Dumas became a diner-out of the first lustre, and various lion-hunters sought his acquaintance. One of these was the well-known ex-director, Count Barras, who, after all the moving accidents of the earlier part of his life, saved 200,000 francs a year out of the wreck of his political fortunes, and spent his old age in giving literary dinners. He was a man of old family; and before the great rise of prices in France, this sum enabled him to live in a luxurious manner. Dumas was presented to him by Dr. Cabarrus, son of the beautiful Thérèse Cabarrus, subsequently known by the name of Madame Tallien, the belle of the Directorial phase of French society, who married the Prince de Chimay for her third husband. Barras received them in his villa at Chaillot sitting in his arm-chair, which in the last years of his life he never quitted. He was then seventy-four years of age (1829), and a fine-looking old man. He wore a cap on his head, only his face and his hands giving signs of life; for from time to time he fell into a lethargy, as if he were dying. When the hour of dinner came, the folding-doors opened, and Barras was wheeled to his place at table. The dinner was sumptuous; but Barras's only part in the entertainment was to dip his bread in a plate filled with juice of the cu